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A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA



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P. B. COLE

The Invitation.

11
CAPE MAY

TO

ATLANTIC CITY

A SUMMER NOTE BOOK

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY

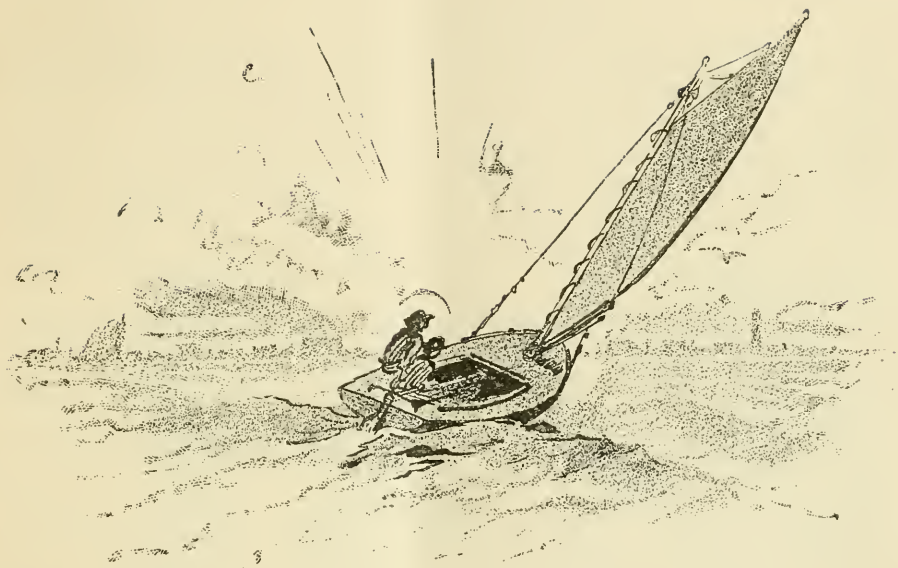
1883

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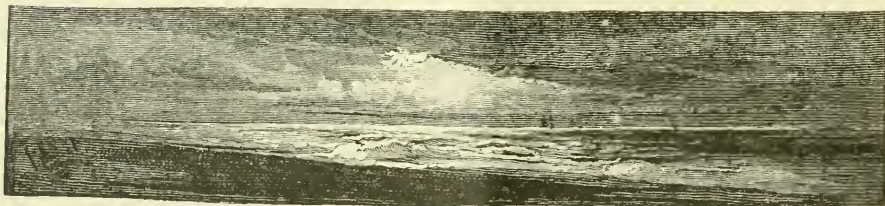
THE perplexities that beset the summer wanderer in his yearly pilgrimage to the sea have given rise to this little book, in an attempt by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to clear the mists from the summer thoroughfare. Where to go, and how, are questions of deeper significance than are usual to tea-table chat, requiring often much time and correspondence to properly answer. From the chance experience of a friend or a floating paragraph in the newspaper comes the suggestion; the deliberate courses of the mails produce at a later date the necessary coastwise literature; queer little books with queer illustrations of a wonderful place, where all its marked features are crowded into one street; where people walk and drive within six inches of great breakers; and where the hotel at which you think of obtaining rooms is higher, larger, grander than any other

hotel on the Atlantic seaboard. The truth of the place when told to the traveler upon his arrival is generally quite disagreeable,—rather harsh, in fact,—as though in that locality

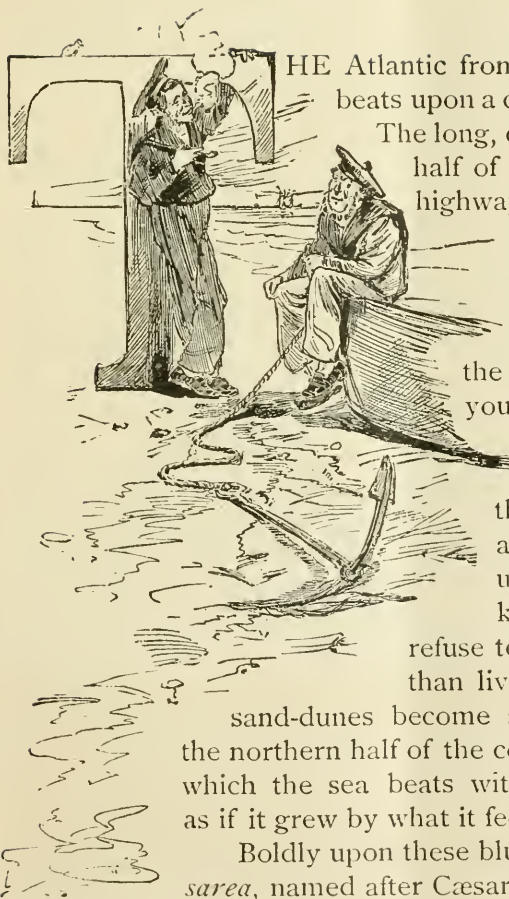
The thread of life was spun
Of black and dismal wool.

In the few pages to follow, the reader will find neither falsehood of pen nor pencil. Facts only have been collated, served simply in order that the summer wanderer might not be confused in his opportunities, and made to think that he was *en route* for Paradise at last. The attractiveness of the places described has been attempted only in the nature of hints; the prices furnished, rates of fare, distances, and similar statements are taken from official sources.

This fidelity to the reader's real interests will make his stay by the sea pleasanter than if he had been promised more than the land affords. And in a concise form he will find answered the questions, how to get there, how to go when the time comes; when the dust and heat of the city, the unclouded suns and red moons, the hot winds of morning, noon, and night, prompt a longing to shuffle off time and its concerns,—to forget who is president and who is governor, what race he belongs to, what language he speaks,—and to listen to “the great liquid metronome as it beats its solemn measure, steadily swinging when the solo or duet of human life began, and to swing just as steadily after the human chorus has died out, and man is a fossil on its shores.”



The Invitation.



THE Atlantic from Sandy Hook to Cape May beats upon a coast full of changing beauty. The long, quiet reaches of the southern half of the New Jersey shore, broad highways of hard sand, seem ever complacent in the sunlight; which glitters upon the shining pebbles and small sea-shells, and streams full upon the undulating sand-dunes. As you pass northward, the beaches are more and more pronounced in contrast against the sand-hills, marked here and there by rugged, ragged, unfriendly sand cedars,—those knarled and twisted trees that refuse to be civilized, and die rather than live in the care of man. The sand-dunes become sand-hills, and finally along the northern half of the coast are lost in bluffs, against which the sea beats with ever-increasing appetite—as if it grew by what it fed upon.

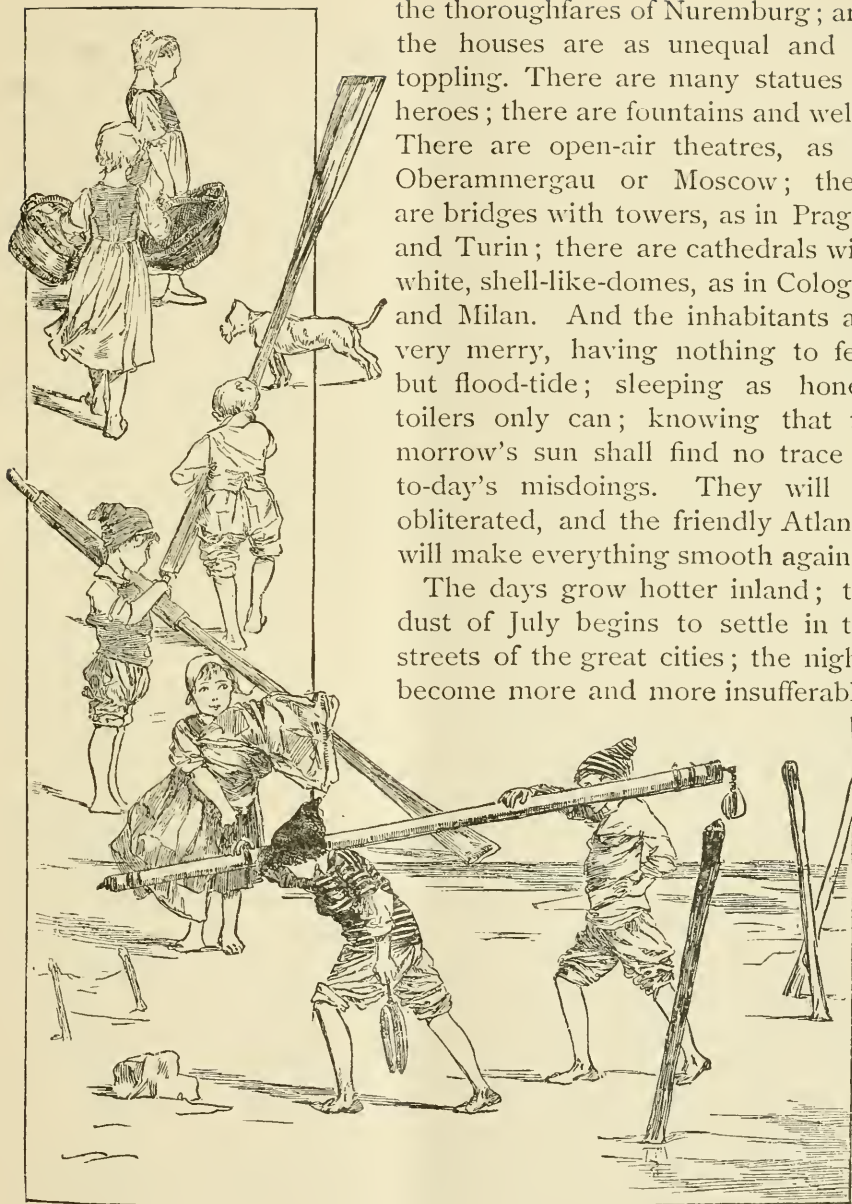
Boldly upon these bluffs and beaches of *Nova Cæsarea*, named after Cæsarea, the present Jersey of the

British Channel, stand the summer cities. Not that in winter they are deserted, given up to gulls and coast guards, but that the few who live on the Jersey coast the year through disappear with the first signs of warm weather; they blow away like last summer's leaves, and are everywhere overwhelmed in the new summer growth. They are dominant only during the darker half of the year. They are people of storms and gales. Silently they give way, vacate their homes, retire to humble dwellings, become absorbed in the army of summer servants, and are lost; to re-appear as the society of the coast, its true owners, only when the last exotic has faded, when the army of waiters and chambermaids is in full retreat, when the doors of the pretty cottages are barred, the curtains drawn, and the gulls and the coast guards come again. And what a delightful society the winter society is! Quite all the French officer found it at one of his foreign stations, when he said, "The good society was like the good society in any other place, but the bad society was delightful!"

The invaders, whose advance guards reach the coast by May-day, work a great transformation. The summer cities are invested with life, light, and color. Everything is in motion; everywhere is animation, youth, and beauty; flowers, music, laughter, are the rule. The great hotels are crowded with people from all over—a thousand beneath a single roof; the sidewalks, the summer arbors, the long piers jutting out into the sea, are covered with fugitives from the inland towns. They are chatting, reading, smoking, lounging, strolling, riding about, bathing, sleeping, and eating, with no cares but for the shadow-side of the porch, and the sound of the dinner gong, if one there be. And just over the crest of the farthest sand-dune is the city of the children: a great city on the beach, with a big boy for mayor, and a common council made up from a lot of ruddy-faced revelers, each one of whom is busy with reforms among the sand-lots. Here is Utopia. Here, the education of the winds and the sun is free to both sexes alike. There is no aristocracy, save that of ability; no tyranny, unless it be the tyranny of talent. Every member of the community is a worker—a contributor to the general welfare. The local pride is strong, and unites for local advancement. The city is full of picturesqueness; there are no straight streets to horrify some itinerant Ruskin; they are as crooked and uncertain as

the thoroughfares of Nuremburg; and the houses are as unequal and as toppling. There are many statues to heroes; there are fountains and wells. There are open-air theatres, as in Oberammergau or Moscow; there are bridges with towers, as in Prague and Turin; there are cathedrals with white, shell-like domes, as in Cologne and Milan. And the inhabitants are very merry, having nothing to fear but flood-tide; sleeping as honest toilers only can; knowing that to-morrow's sun shall find no trace of to-day's misdoings. They will be obliterated, and the friendly Atlantic will make everything smooth again.

The days grow hotter inland; the dust of July begins to settle in the streets of the great cities; the nights become more and more insufferable.



Here on the coast the breezes are more even-tempered ; the sea seems more blue ; there is a greater charm than before. Morpheus is now one of the resident guests. The attraction of the sea-shore was never more tangible. The breath of the ocean as it greets you is a tonic invitation to resist depression and decay. Everything speaks of power and, inferentially, of accomplishment. The pure salt wind blowing hither from the horizon is a power—a very impressive one ; for, as the Seminole chieftain said, you can feel it, but you cannot see it. The resistless, eternal splash, splash, of the waves suggests power with ease and beauty, as each scattered drop is gathered and dashed again and again at your feet. This sense of power is the very antidote to weariness. Your prompted energies quicken and revive ; you can realize to the full, intensities of expression. The deep feeling for nature, shown by the French landscape painters, has been accounted for by the fact that they are city dwellers,—companions of bricks and stone,—comrades of the dust of the French capital. When, therefore, the green fields are before them,—the new colors, new lights, new shadows, new forms and faces,—they see and paint with strange vividness—with intense appreciation, born of surprise and gratification. Similarly, a city dweller when he reaches the sea. He is delighted with the sharpness of outline ; the briskness of life ; the exhilarating air ; the marked sense of health ; the gay colors which are so agreeable in the cool shadows of afternoon ; the relief of color in close-shaven green lawns jeweled with gorgeous blooms ; the delicate draperies about the windows of the houses ; the inviting, shadowed porches ; the faint sound of music and the sea ; the laughter of children,—all this and more come to him with the freshness of a new world. And for this he has forsaken a sunburnt city ; baked and dusty sidewalks ; languid streets ; a marked sense of physical depression ; people with fever in their faces, the indifference of despair in their walk, and seldom a smile on their lips. There is no sound of the sea nor music, unless it is some aspiring band at the head of a perspiring procession, endeavoring with noise to appease the fierce sun-god, and believing that in the sound of brass and cymbal there is a remedy for aching, worn-out nature. Who would not exchange such a metropolis for the sea,—

The blue, the fresh, the ever free?

In this way—or rather in these words—the reader is invited to the Jersey Coast. Is it asked to what the invitation leads? The coast line of the State comprises parts of Monmouth, Ocean, Burlington, Atlantic, and Cape May counties, and is a little over one hundred and twenty-seven miles in length from Sandy Hook to Cape May. Its beaches or divisions are formed by the intersection of inlets and rivers. They are composed of hard, white sand, and generally are either islands or peninsulas. They lie parallel with the line of coast, and are separated from the mainland by bays, channels, sounds, and salt marshes, and from one another by inlets. The principal beaches are, Long, Little, Brigantine, Absecom, Peck's, Ludlam's, Seven-Mile, Five-Mile, and Two-Mile. The peninsulas are, Sandy Hook, Squan or Island Beach, and Poverty Beach, making a total of about 20,000 acres of beach lands. Between these beaches and the mainland,—from the head of Barnegat Bay to Great Egg Harbor,—there is an average width of water of six miles. From Great Egg Harbor to Cape May the average distance is three and a half miles. The principal inlets are, Barnegat, New, Brigantine, Absecom, Old, Corson's, Townsend's, Hereford, Cold Spring, and

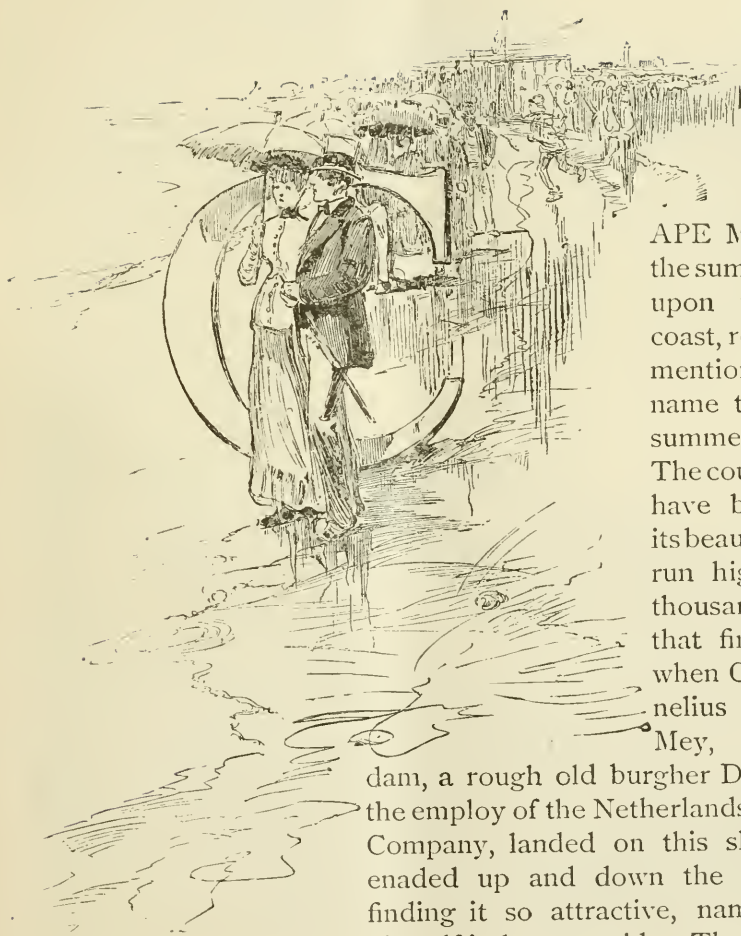
Turtle Gut. These inlets and rivers wind in and out through 155,000 acres of salt marshes, the surface of many acres being but a few inches above high water-mark. They are covered with good natural grasses—needing no cultivation—known as salt grass, black grass, and short sedge. Abundant hay is cut every summer upon these flats, and they afford good pasturage the year through for cattle and sheep. Fresh spring water is found in abundance. The bays and sounds along the coast afford a livelihood for quite a little world of people, whose commerce is comprised in fish, oysters, clams, lobsters, crabs, and wild fowl. These bays and sounds are about 117,000 acres in extent. The development of the coast into what it is, in the summer of 1883, has been largely brought about by the railroads. The facilities



AN INVADER.

by them afforded have prompted the formation of companies and organizations, of which there are twenty-nine in operation upon the beaches of the five counties named. These companies have founded a string of cities that in time will so extend that there will be both rail and carriage way along the ocean front from the drive, at Long Branch, to the signal station, at Cape May Point. Every summer adds to the thousands who are already dwellers by the sea ; every winter, to the householders in the towns and cities.

Cape May.



CAPE MAY, of all the summer resorts upon the Jersey coast, revives in the mention of the name the greatest summer memories. The courtships that have begun upon its beauteous beach run high into the thousands, since that first season when Captain Cornelius Jacobese Mey, of Amsterdam,

a rough old burgher Dutchman, in the employ of the Netherlands West India Company, landed on this shore, promenade up and down the beach, and, finding it so attractive, named it after himself in honest pride. The waves upon its beach have embraced millions of people since that summer two



FROM THE PIER, CAPE MAY.

hundred and sixty-two years ago, and to-day they beat as musically, as endlessly, and break into as many lines of foam, as they did before the eyes of the Dutch navigator.

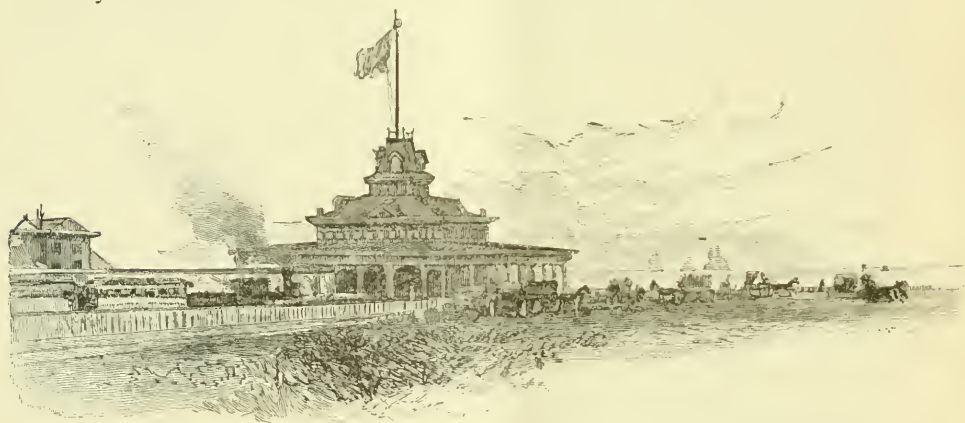
Indeed, the waves at Cape May are one of its standard attractions, dashing up, as they do, on what has often been called the finest beach in the world. Watching them, you are tempted to speculate concerning them. They are very beautiful. As they rise in gallant shape far out, topped by crests of white, they seem to be race-horses with wild and flowing manes. Then they break, and with a roar of exultation toss themselves upon the floor of whitened sand. Tide in or tide out, it is all the same ; they never seem to hush except in the shades and shadows of night. The tides that bring them are equally of interest.

Twice a day the Severn fills ;
The salt sea water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The tides were long a mystery. Certain of the Greek philosophers reasoned from the tides that the earth was alive, and that the rising and falling were like the heavings of the human breast. The old Norse people thought a destructive tide was the invasion of an angry sea-god. Science has established that the moon, and in a less degree the sun, draws the water by the attraction of gravitation, and that the tidal wave follows the sun and moon in their daily courses from east to west. Tide was originally written time. High tide was the high time of the waters ; just as Christmas-tide is Christmas time. For six hours the tide flows or rises. A rising tide is a flood-tide. In a very short time after the flow of the tide ceases the fall or ebb begins. There are two tides in the day of twenty-four hours. The very highest tides at any one point are the spring tides, and they occur only when the attraction of the sun and moon reinforce each other or operate as one ; then the high water is the highest and the low water the lowest. But when the moon is at her first or third quarter, the sun's attractive force antagonizes that of the moon, and the neap tides result when the high water is at its lowest and low water at its highest. The spring and neap tides occur every lunar

month, or thirteen times a year. The set of the tide is the direction in which it moves, and its drift is its velocity in nautical miles.

But a truce to tides. The county of Cape May was probably comprised in the Dutch purchase of 1629; and again, in 1641, it was bought of the Swedish Commissioners. It is impossible to fix the date of its earliest white settlement, but there are published records of a Baptist church at Cape May as early as 1675; and doubtless the good Baptists to the west and north visited there for health and rest in the summer months. This was the beginning. To-day Cape May is a prosperous summer city, a city with an admirable past, with a winter and a summer population, with great hotels and a great life peculiarly its own.



CAPE MAY STATION.

The city is laid out irregularly, and does not lose in picturesque beauty by the arrangement. The streets have patriotic names, but they are never asked for, and so they will not be furnished here. Localities and distances are fixed by the hotels, which are the centres of the life, sharing, perhaps, a little with the piers, of which this year there are three,—one a new and very handsome structure, extending into the water with saucy defiance to all the storms that blow. This can be better appreciated when it is remembered that brave Commodore Decatur has left on record some measurements of his, showing how the sea eat up from one to thirty feet of the land every year for nineteen years, from 1804 to 1821. And to this subject of the encroach-

ment of the sea, Professor Cook, the State Geologist of New Jersey, has recently called attention. A considerable breadth of land, he remarks, has been worn away during the last century all along the shore, from the Hook to the Cape. Near Shrewsbury inlet the water-line has moved from one hundred and sixty-five to three hundred and thirty feet inland during the last twenty-eight years. Opposite the old Long Branch Hotel the sea has eaten away three hundred and seventy-five feet of the bluff, and opposite Whale Pond, the encroachment at one point reaches the suggestive total of five hundred and twenty-five feet. About Cape May the gain of the ocean has been more marked. For a mile and a half north of New England creek, it has moved inland ten hundred and forty feet in the last one hundred and eighty-seven years. A few rods further south the distance from the present to the old sea line is eight hundred and fifty feet. At Cape Island the shore has worn away a full mile since the Revolution, and even since the United States Coast Survey was instituted, thirty years ago, the wear along the beaches north-east from the Cape has been so great as to require very considerable changes in the map of the shore lines. These changes by themselves may very plausibly be ascribed to the continued dashing of the waves upon the shore; but in the salt and other tide marshes there are evidences that the level of high water is higher than it used to be. The flood-tides in Delaware Bay rise at least six inches higher this year than they did fifty years ago. There is a question here that needs an answer; for in various parts of the State people

CAPE MAY.

HOW TO GET THERE.

Take Pennsylvania R. R. to Philadelphia; West Jersey R. R., foot of Market Street, Philadelphia. Spring and Fall 2, and Summer 3, express trains daily. From Philadelphia, 80 miles, in 2 hours. Fare from Philadelphia, one way, \$1.75; ten-day excursion ticket, \$2; ten-trip family ticket, \$10; twenty-five trip, \$25; monthly ticket, \$25; season ticket, one person, \$40; season ticket for purchaser and wife, \$50.

WHERE TO STAY.

STOCKTON HOTEL.

1000 guests; \$4 day, \$25 week.

CONGRESS HALL.

750 guests; \$4 day, \$25 week.

ARCTIC.

300 guests; \$3 day, \$12 to \$18 week.

WINDSOR.

250 guests; \$3 day, \$21 week.

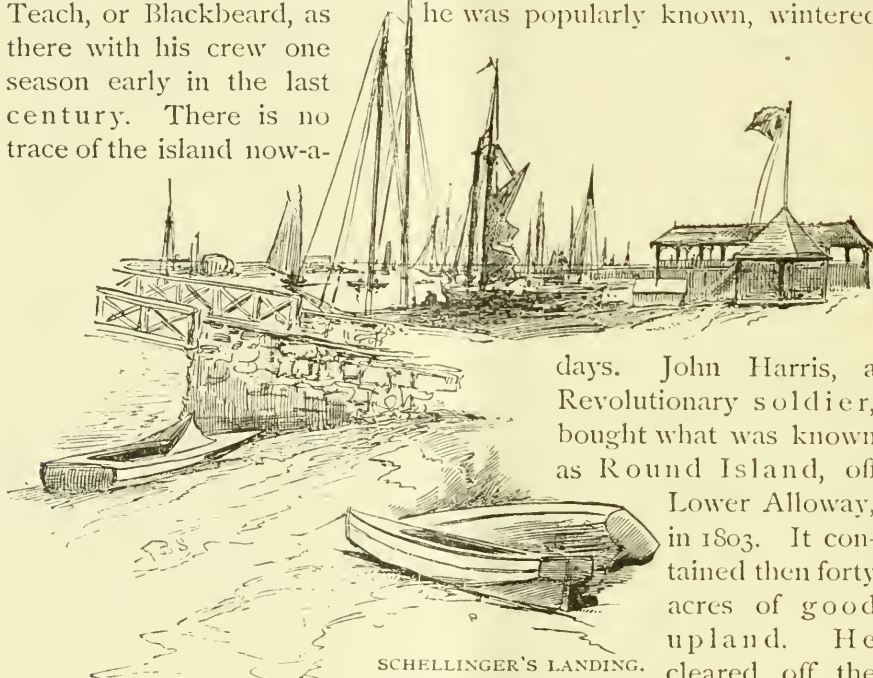
MARINE VILLA.

100 guests; \$3 day, \$18 week.

Twenty-two other hotels with accommodations for thirteen hundred and fifty guests, and prices from \$2 to \$3 a day; \$10 to \$15 a week.

have been driven from their lands by the gradual rising of the sea. Many islands of excellent soil, some of them heavily timbered, have been submerged. The famous Money Island was one of these. At the beginning of the present century it was of considerable size and well timbered. The noted pirate Captain Teach, or Blackbeard, as there with his crew one season early in the last century. There is no trace of the island now-a-

present century it was of considerable size and well timbered. The noted pirate Captain he was popularly known, wintered



SCHELLINGER'S LANDING.

days. John Harris, a Revolutionary soldier, bought what was known as Round Island, off

Lower Alloway, in 1803. It contained then forty acres of good upland. He

cleared off the timber, and built comfortable farm buildings. Subsequently he purchased a second island of about the same area, near the first, and erected farm buildings on it. He cultivated the soil of both. On dying, he bequeathed one to each son. When, however, they went to take possession of their inheritance they

found that the sea had claimed a legacy, the islands were submerged, and the water refused to give back its gain. And yet to watch it on some quiet night, when the waters are almost silent in their mur-

murings ; when out on the horizon the parade of the vessels has become shadowy and indistinct ; when the winds have died away, and the light of the moon falls in a great silver blanket on the sea,—would hardly induce credence for the tales of the Atlantic's anger.

The daily life of the visitor to Cape May is based upon regard, simply, for his most particular wants. The hotels are good, clean, and well cared for. They are cool and comfortable. The tables are generous in good things, notably those of the place. The vegetables of Jersey are at all times prominent. After a substantial breakfast, a glance at the morning papers, the beach affords the time and place for a stroll. A cool breeze blows from the ocean ; there is not a cloud in the sky ; the sand was never so smooth and shiny. By noon the bathers are gathered in force. There is a rolling surf, safe and delicious. The bottom is clean, hard and sandy. There are hundreds in the water ; it is dotted for half a mile with the gayest of colors,—with romping, splashing, shouting people. On the beach are “the mammas,” weighing a few too many pounds to compete with their daughters in bathing suits, complacently sunning themselves beneath umbrellas, and listening to the idle chatter of their attendant cavaliers, very generally thin men, with such spare figures, indeed, as to have induced the conviction that “sea bathing didn't agree with them.” The bath over, there is a nap or game of billiards or bowls, until dinner. After dinner a drive down to Cape May Point, or up the beach to Sewell's Point, or a sail, if the tide serves, in one of the white-winged craft that cluster about Schellinger's landing and from there forge down the tortuous inlet and so out to sea. Or a ramble over the city will comfortably occupy the afternoon ; and if you lengthen your

CAPE MAY POINT.

HOW TO GET THERE.

Take Pennsylvania R. R. to Philadelphia ; West Jersey Road, foot of Market Street, Philadelphia. Trains and tickets (one way and excursion) the same as to Cape May ; all trains making connection at Cape May with trains to Cape May Point, over the D. B. & C. M. R. R.

WHERE TO STAY.

CARLTON HOUSE.

300 guests ; \$3 to \$4 day, \$12 to \$21 week.

BELLEVUE HOUSE.

200 guests ; \$2 day, \$8 to \$15 week.

CAPE HOUSE.

150 guests ; \$2 to \$3 day, \$10 to \$15 week ; and others.

walk so as to return to the hotel by way of the beach, you will possibly be gratified with a panorama of quiet significance, in which an umbrella, a man and a woman, several far-away looks, and a sigh or two, make up a programme of astounding human interest !



But the true life of the place, when it is really more like some strange, shifting

scenery, peopled with men and women from an unknown country, animated with pleasurable excitement, the time when you can enjoy the real flavor of Cape May, comes after supper, after eight o'clock. The city is ablaze with electric lights ; the vast verandas are thronged with restless thousands, who, forsaking the cottages, the sidewalks and the piers,—leaving them to lovers alone,—gather at each centre of life and existence. Music

That softer on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes,

floats upon the evening air ; now a waltz, now a galop, ever something spirited, something buoyant, something that by right belongs in Aladdin's palace. There is stir and bustle. Something is happening. Possibly it is a concert, a choral festival, a regimental parade, or a special attraction. Usual or special, it tends to quickened pulses, to happier hearts, to less of brooding, and to more of life, to health, and so—to happiness. Then follows the rest, the sleep which has been denied under the baking eaves of the cities, the breath of the purest air (for all the irregularities that drew some little censure to Cape May last year have been removed by Colonel Waring), and then the awakening,—refreshed, invigorated, as though there had been a supper at the fountain of perpetual youth and Ponce de Leon himself had been the host !

The Life along the Shore.

LET it not be supposed that the only happiness at the sea-side centres on hotel porches and in cottage parlors; that the human life when upon the piers and beaches furnishes all there is of interest. The flat, sandy shore is itself a world of wonders, and has a life of its own, independent of Philadelphians or New Yorkers. Professor Joseph Leidy, who is so well known for his accuracy of research, found in an ounce of sand collected between high and low tide more than 18,000 varieties of minute shells at Atlantic City, and over 28,000 at Cape May! Does not this open the gate to hours of delightful interest? For shells have long excited attention. In many an humble dwelling they may be seen, while in habitations of a higher order they often appear as the result of a choice directed by taste and intelligence. Many a specimen, too, is associated with the remembrance of a delightful search on the sands when the tide was out; of intercourse which gladdened and improved the heart; and of scenes which left impressions on the mind not to be effaced. Yet the wonderful shells that the patient professor examined were not those every wanderer on a sea-beach readily recognizes. All along the coast he will notice the shells of clams and oysters. The first come of a noted family. The great clam, never seen in New Jersey, and seldom elsewhere,—but to which the clam you kick with a careless foot is second cousin,—is a very remarkable creature. We are told

by Linneus that one specimen weighed 498 pounds, furnishing 120 men with provision for one day, and that the sudden closing of its valves was sufficient to snap a cable asunder. A manuscript preserved in the British Museum notices the dimensions of a specimen brought from Sumatra, and preserved at Arno's Vale, in Ireland, the weight of which amounted to 507 pounds; the largest valves measured four feet six inches in length, two feet five inches and a half in breadth, and one foot in depth. A shell of the same species forms the baptismal font at the Church of St. Sulpice, in Paris. It was presented by the Venetians to Francis I.

The oyster is even of greater interest, and a far more general favorite. The Greeks, and more especially the Romans, when they levied contributions far and wide to cover the table of an Apicius or a Lucullus, held oysters in high estimation, and attached no small importance to the localities from whence they were obtained. Oysters are amazingly fruitful. Poli states that one of these animals contains 1,200,000 eggs; so that a single oyster might yield enough to fill 12,000 barrels. These eggs are expelled in the form of spawn or white fluid, called by the oysterman "spats." The manner in which they swim doubtless serves to attach them to the submarine



bodies, or to individuals of their own species. Then the new ones, in being developed, smother, as it were, the old ones, not permitting the water to reach them, or hindering them from opening their shell. In this way are formed the immense oyster banks which can be inspected at Cape May and Atlantic City. The oyster trade from these two localities in the "R" months is very extensive and profitable.

The oyster, the clam, and other molluscs are a part of the provision made for various other creatures. Foxes and raccoons, when pressed with hunger, will gladly make a meal of them, as they will of crabs, fish, and insects. The ducks and the gulls derive from them a part, at least, of their daily *menu*. Crows do not despise mollusca, and have been seen ingeniously opening clams by taking them up into the air twenty or forty yards and letting them fall on the stones, thus breaking the shells. Barnacles, also, are eaten by birds, fishes, and animals when nothing else is available. The barnacle is a curious mal, often found attached by a fleshy rope to rocks, keels of ships and floating timbers. Their delicate blue and feathery, many-jointed arms are of extreme interest to an observer, no less than the curious belief, current about them as late as the last century, that they developed into a particular species of goose. The most learned writers of Europe kept this myth alive from the fifteenth century.

Quite as companionable are the sea-weeds, brown tangles, and sea-wrack,—delicate scarlet-branched water-plants; Iceland mosses and the long ribbon weeds, with fluted edges, that are cast upon the beach from the great sea-weed belt, about a mile wide, that fringes the coast from Florida to Maine. And after sea-weeds and shells come the phenomena of the ocean, sometimes thought to be connected with them, such as the occasional luminosity of the surface of the sea, in whose depths rest the wrecks of "ten thousand royal argosies"—a wonderful sea, indeed.

The floor is sand, like the mountain drift,
 And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow ;
 From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
 Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow.

The water is calm and still below,
 For the winds and the waves are absent there ;
 And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
 In the motionless fields of the upper air.

There, with its waving blade of green,
 The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
 And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
 To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.

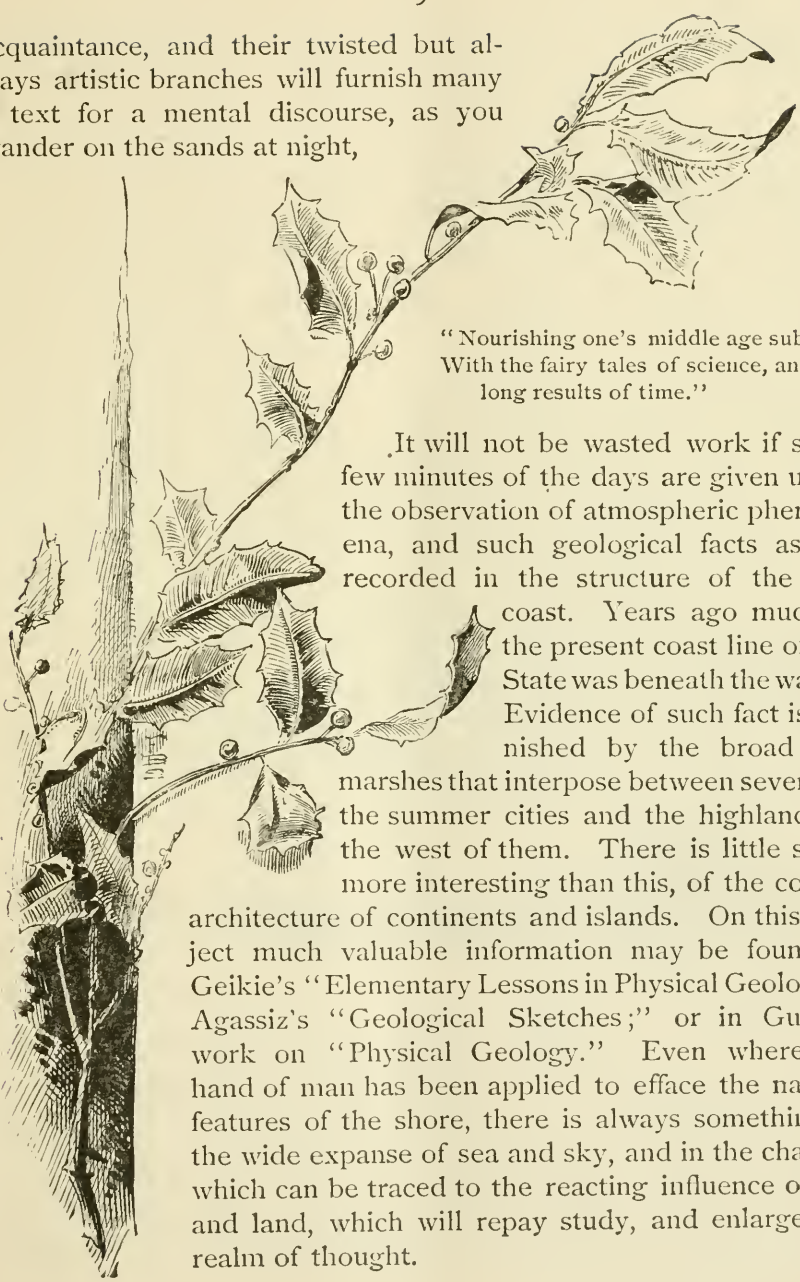
There, with a light and easy motion,
 The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea,
 And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
 Are blended like corn on the upland lea.

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
 Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
 And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
 Has made the top of the waves his own.

Would the reader follow further on this sea-shore ramble, let him consult the pregnant pages of Damon's "Ocean Wonders ;" Taylor's "Half-hours at the Sea-side ;" Harvey's "Sea-side Book ;" Lewis' "Sea-side Studies ;" the ever-fascinating J. G. Wood's "Common Objects at the Sea-shore ;" or Kingsley's "Glaucus."

If sea-shells and weeds do not entice the idler, there is that just over the dunes along the shore that may chain his passing fancy : wild flowers of many hues and shapes, changing with the months ; daisies, pyxies, butter-cups, the wild sweet-pea, violets, anenones, roses, water-lilies, purple flags, and many varieties of ferns and nodding grasses, sand-reeds, and, when August is almost over, proud bunches of golden rod. Then, in the woods, notably at Atlantic City, are marvelous holly trees, attaining often a height of twenty feet or more, thoroughly upsetting the popular idea of the holly-bush. These are a pleasure to study and observe. In other recesses of these woods are trees covered thickly with draperies of pale gray moss, much like the Spanish moss of the Southern States, but finer in texture than that variety. The sand cedars will repay a careful

acquaintance, and their twisted but always artistic branches will furnish many a text for a mental discourse, as you wander on the sands at night,

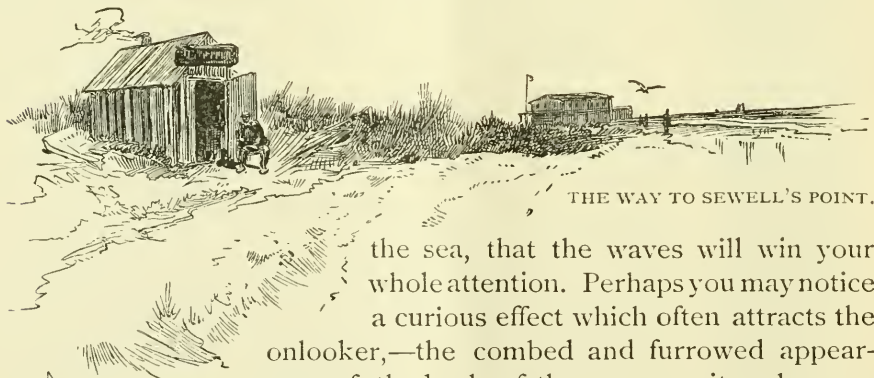


"Nourishing one's middle age sublime,
With the fairy tales of science, and the
long results of time."

It will not be wasted work if some few minutes of the days are given up to the observation of atmospheric phenomena, and such geological facts as are recorded in the structure of the sea-coast. Years ago much of the present coast line of the State was beneath the waves. Evidence of such fact is furnished by the broad salt marshes that interpose between several of the summer cities and the highlands to the west of them. There is little study more interesting than this, of the cosmic architecture of continents and islands. On this subject much valuable information may be found in Geikie's "Elementary Lessons in Physical Geology;" Agassiz's "Geological Sketches;" or in Guyot's work on "Physical Geology." Even where the hand of man has been applied to efface the natural features of the shore, there is always something in the wide expanse of sea and sky, and in the changes which can be traced to the reacting influence of sea and land, which will repay study, and enlarge the realm of thought.

Cape May to Atlantic City.

TWO pleasant afternoons may be numbered among the summer days at Cape May, if the visitor will in one case stroll or drive along the beach to Sewell's Point, and in the other do the same to Cape May Point, two of the minor summer resorts of Cape May County. The beach, which is the best thoroughfare at all times, is as pleasantly yielding to the foot as some rare Eastern carpet, possessing elasticity and firmness, and marked and crossed with the quaintest of patterns, traced by the sea or woven by the flecking foam of the waves, tossed hither and yon by the gusty wind. The waves roll in to your feet with a shimmering movement, and play and twist upon the flat, gray sand. So rare is the afternoon, so blue



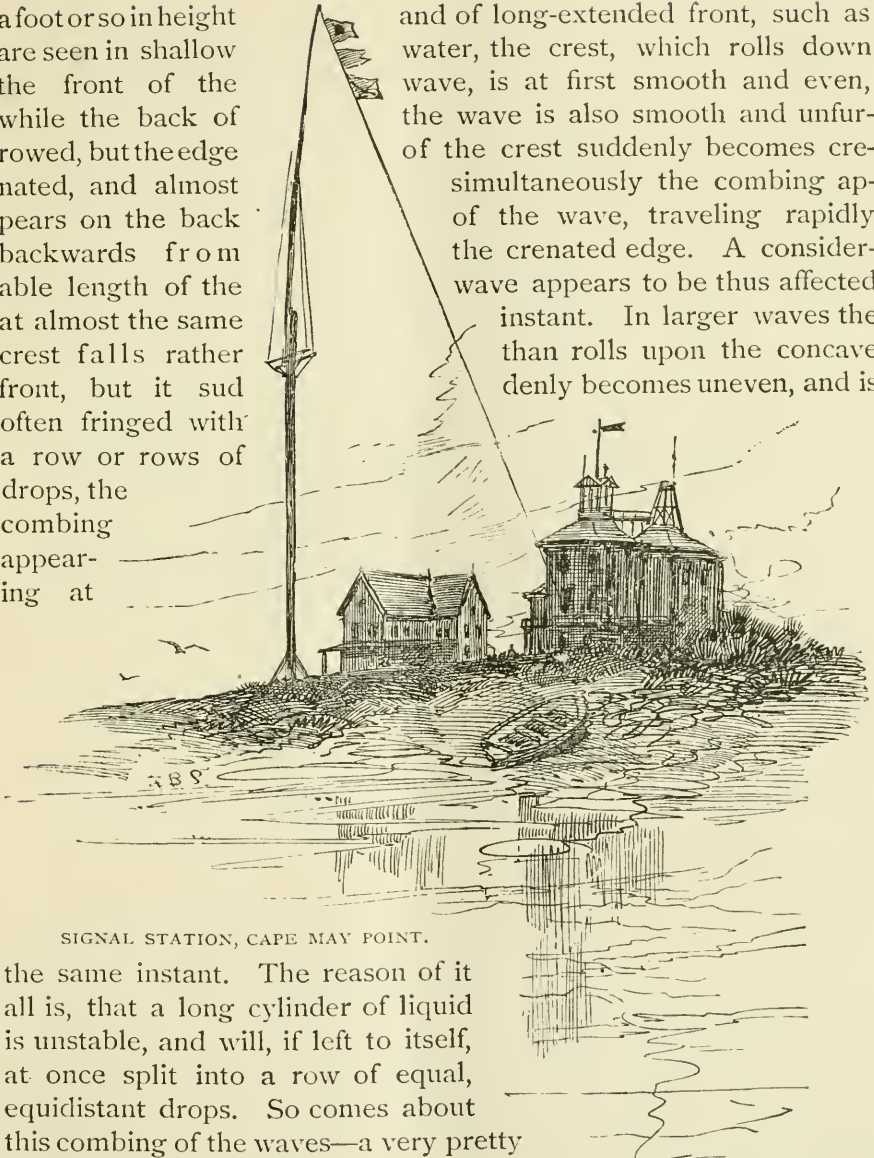
THE WAY TO SEWELL'S POINT.

the sea, that the waves will win your whole attention. Perhaps you may notice a curious effect which often attracts the onlooker,—the combed and furrowed appearance of the back of the wave as it curls over.

This combing appears suddenly, beginning at the advancing edge of the crest and spreading backwards. In small waves,

a foot or so in height are seen in shallow the front of the while the back of rowed, but the edge nated, and almost pears on the back backwards from able length of the at almost the same crest falls rather front, but it sud often fringed with a row or rows of drops, the combing appearing at

and of long-extended front, such as water, the crest, which rolls down wave, is at first smooth and even, the wave is also smooth and unfur- of the crest suddenly becomes cre- simultaneously the combing ap- of the wave, traveling rapidly the crenated edge. A consider- wave appears to be thus affected instant. In larger waves the than rolls upon the concave denly becomes uneven, and is



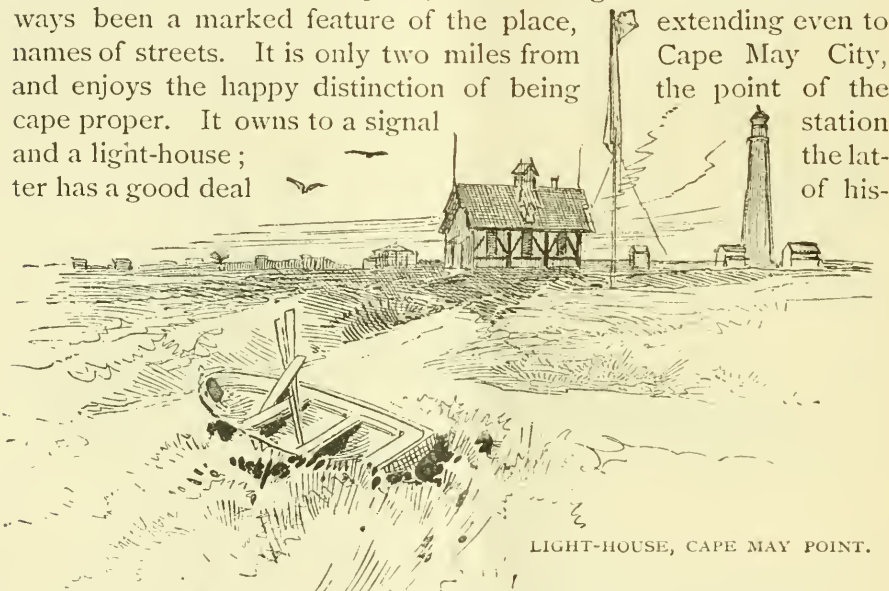
SIGNAL STATION, CAPE MAY POINT.

the same instant. The reason of it all is, that a long cylinder of liquid is unstable, and will, if left to itself, at once split into a row of equal, equidistant drops. So comes about this combing of the waves—a very pretty little fact, which can be seen every hour by the sea. And there are other facts

in the day
about waves

equally curious and equally amusing, which can be found stated upon the pages of books of greater proportions than this.

Sewell's Point is a picturesque spot, with a good landing and a fair-sized hotel, and is the land point where the waters of the inlet join those of the Atlantic, in a whirling, rapid race over the sandy bar. Cape May Point, on the other extremity of what the visitors call Cape May Beach, is a place of considerable importance. When it was first originated it was called Sea Grove. It was started as a summer resort under Presbyterian auspices, and the religious influence has always been a marked feature of the place, names of streets. It is only two miles from Cape May City, and enjoys the happy distinction of being the point of the station the latter has a good deal



tory and strong, out to sea.

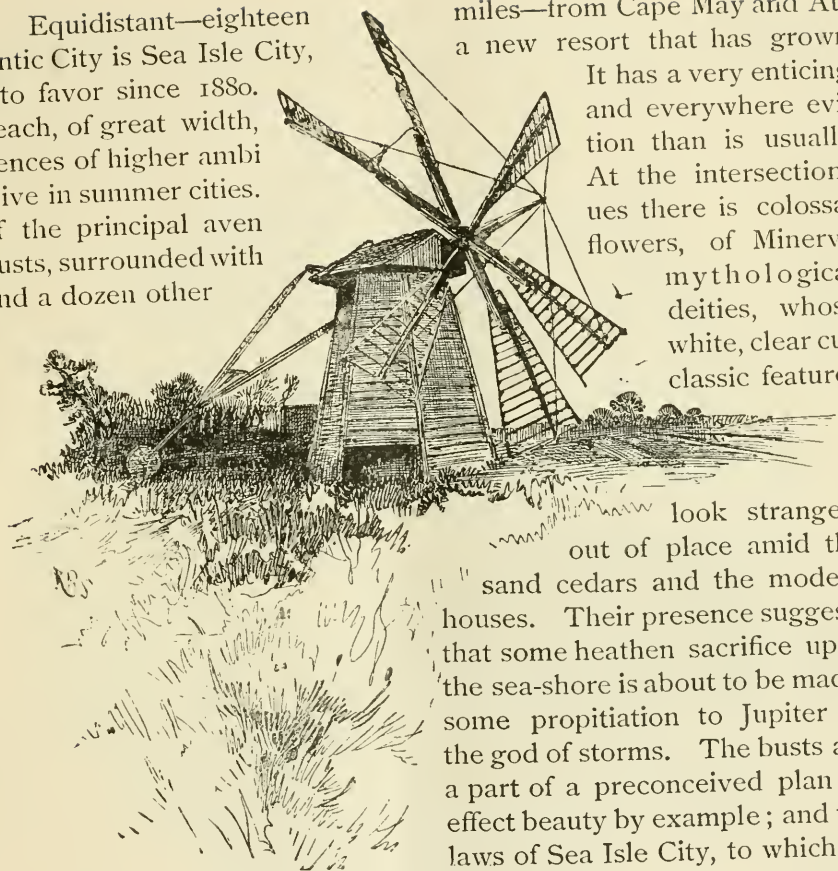
some romance woven about the bright light that it flashes forty miles

There is here, near the hotels, a freshwater lake, which sometimes rather excites comment for the freshness of its water so near the ocean. It has a water area of about forty acres, and a wee navy all to itself. It affords many an hour of amusement, as does the Delaware River, which here enters the sea, on its way—well, around the world. Cape May Point, which is undeniably suited to the purpose, has joined the list of all-round-the-year resorts, and on a winter day has its charms apart.

Equidistant—eighteen miles—
Atlantic City is Sea Isle City,
into favor since 1880.
beach, of great width,
dences of higher ambi-
alive in summer cities.
of the principal aven-
busts, surrounded with
and a dozen other

miles—from Cape May and At-
a new resort that has grown

It has a very enticing
and everywhere evi-
tion than is usually
At the intersections
ues there is colossal
flowers, of Minerva
mythological
deities, whose
white, clear cut,
classic features

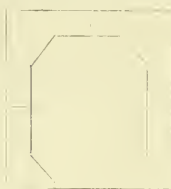


ON THE ROAD TO SEA ISLE CITY.

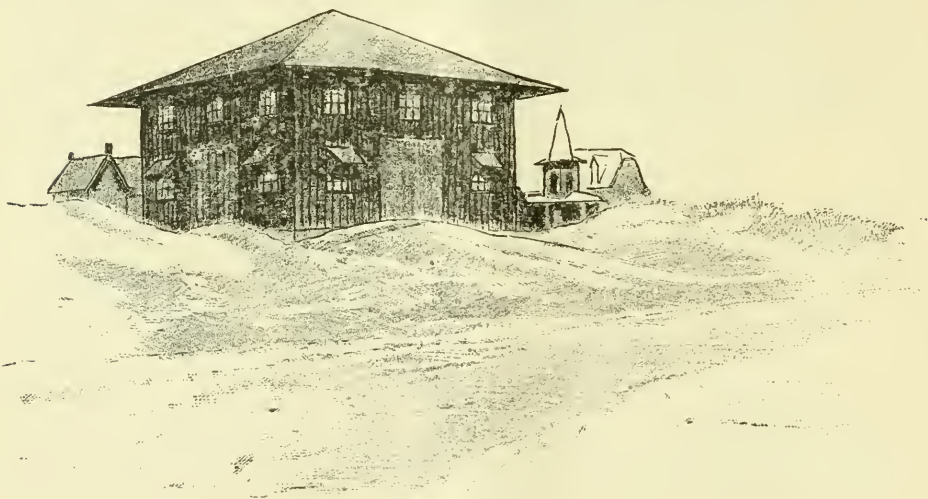
look strangely
out of place amid the
sand cedars and the modern
houses. Their presence suggests
that some heathen sacrifice upon
the sea-shore is about to be made,
some propitiation to Jupiter or
the god of storms. The busts are
a part of a preconceived plan to
effect beauty by example; and the
laws of Sea Isle City, to which all
its inhabitants subscribe, make
it imperative to grow flowers. The drainage is arranged upon an
ideally scientific basis; and there is a feudal-looking building out
upon the salt marsh, standing alone, suggesting isolation, that is
used for a jail.

But of all the features of Sea Isle City, a square house that at
first sight seems queer in conception and execution, built immedi-
ately upon the beach, deserves the most notice. It solves a long-
vexed problem for practical men,—a good dwelling in a favored spot
and at small expense. From the sketch illustrations the reader will

comprehend the description. The ground plan of both stories is this:



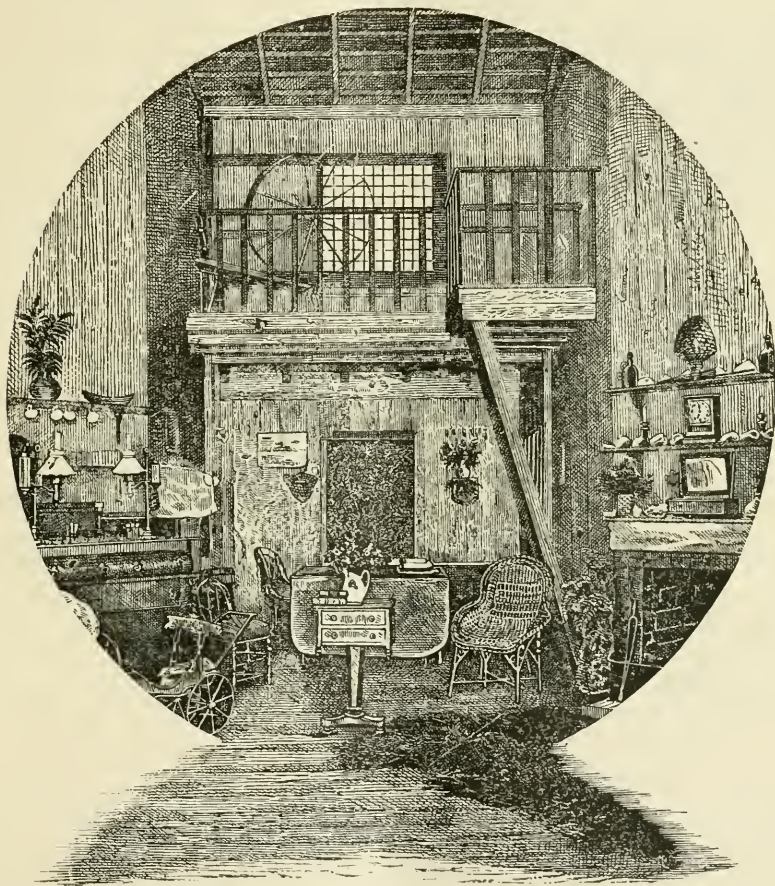
the four corners up-stairs and down-stairs furnish eight comfortable, though not large-sized rooms. The centre of this simple residence is the dining-room and parlor. There is an open fireplace, from which come ruddy sparks should the evening grow chilly, and the large door in front lifts up during the day and forms, as it were, a wooden awning over the main entrance. The cost of the house to build was \$720, and the land upon which it stands cost \$200 more. Two simple vine trellises, running up to the roof, are in June covered with a cloud of roses, and the simple little residence is an object of great beauty, and a quaint landmark of the place. It deserves a greater celebrity than it has, for it takes from beneath the net of vexation a question long unanswered and of much sorrow.



A \$720 HOUSE.

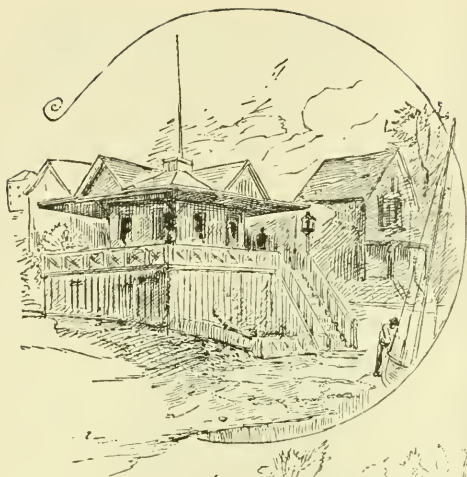
Somers' Point is the terminus of a branch of the West Jersey Railroad, and should claim a day from any lover of rural scenery. It is delightfully situated on Great Egg Harbor Bay, and furnishes many a vista of quiet woodland and of river. The place is crowned with historical memories. It has its name from John Somers, cousin of John Lord, Earl of Hardwick, who was born in England in 1640. He was a preacher in the Society of Friends,

and came over to this country in that capacity, and purchased, in 1695, three thousand acres of land of one of the original proprietors—Thomas Budd. One of his sons, Richard Somers, burnt the brick which compose the Somers mansion, now standing at

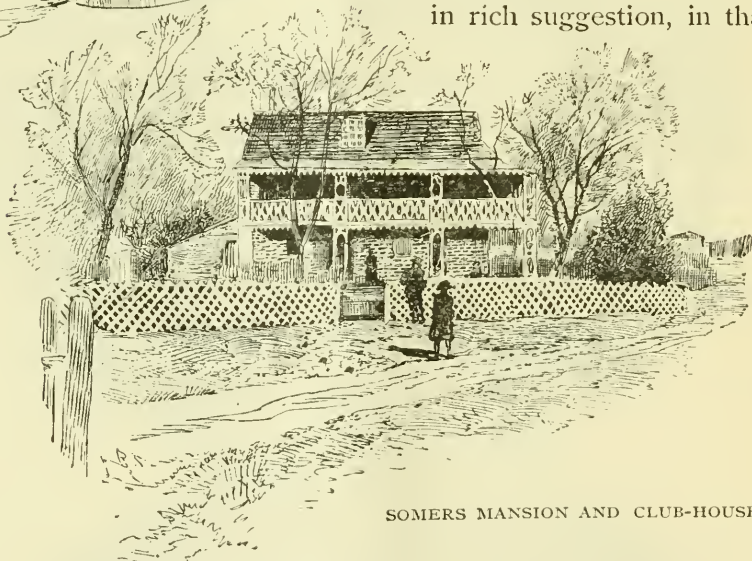


INTERIOR OF A \$720 HOUSE.

Somers' Point. It was this Richard Somers who won much reputation as a colonel in the armies of George Washington. All of the descendants of John Somers lived noteworthy lives and died in generally curious ways,—some for their country's flag, and others by



violence. Not far from the Somers mansion, in a still and solemn wood, where great pines and oaks tower to the sky, is situated the Somers graveyard; and here most of them who died in their native land have found a simple resting-place,—a grave covered with grasses and flowers, and surrounded with trees that are hung with a pale gray-green moss, as though in mourning. The history of the headstones is abundant in rich suggestion, in that



SOMERS MANSION AND CLUB-HOUSE.

flavor of deeds and actions that clings round every record of perilous days.

There are several club-houses at this point, which in the long summer weeks are tenanted by strangers from the towns, seeking relief from the oppression of the sunshine. The wharf is the place of departure for Beasley's Point,—a "red-flannel resort,"—a few

miles up the river, much in repute by gunners and the Isaac Waltons of the day; and also for Ocean City, one of the summer cities that has grown into its present prominence through the efforts of a number of earnest Methodists. As such, a certain measure of curiosity attaches to the place, a desire to know just what such men would make of a city. Their situation on Peck's beach—a smooth, broad, seven-mile beach—has much of merit. Their city is well planned, and though but three years old, has a fine architectural face, with some artistic cottages, flower-beds, and bright foliated trees. There are everywhere sand cedars that lend a beauty of outline. There are a great many hundred people here in the summer, and in addition to the regular religious exercises, every season is marked by camp-meetings, when the houses of the town are largely added to by tents. The association owns and occupies an island, and so on Sunday there reigns a strictly Sunday discipline, an observance of the day that is wanting elsewhere.

And yet the sea is just as beautiful and just as enticing as on Saturday; and after a service in the large auditorium most of the congregation will be found beside the waves, enjoying their blue brightness, which color it is conceded is a reflection of the blue of the sky. Homer often speaks of "the wine-faced deep;" and a modern English poet tells of "Summer isles of Eden lying in the dark purple spheres of sea." In truth, a purplish or wine-like flush

SEA ISLE CITY.

HOW TO GET THERE.

Take Pennsylvania R. R. to Philadelphia; West Jersey Road, foot of Market Street, Philadelphia. Trains, time, and price of tickets the same as to Cape May, connection with main line at Sea Isle Junction. From Philadelphia, 66 miles.

WHERE TO STAY.

SEA VIEW HOUSE.

100 guests; \$2.50 a day.

LIDEY'S HOTEL.

100 guests; \$8 to \$10 a week; and eighteen other houses, with accommodations for 500 guests, \$1 to \$2 a day.

SOMERS' POINT.

HOW TO GET THERE.

Take Pennsylvania R. R. to Philadelphia; West Jersey R. R. foot of Market Street, Philadelphia, to Pleasantville; change cars to Somers' Point. From Philadelphia, 66 miles, 2 hours. In Winter 2, in Summer 4, trains daily. Fare, single ticket, \$1.12; ten-day excursion, \$1.50.

WHERE TO STAY.

BRADFORD HOUSE.

60 guests; \$2 day, \$10 to \$15 week.

WAVERLY HOUSE.

40 guests; \$2 day, \$10 to \$12 week.

DOLPHIN HOUSE.

30 guests; \$1.50 day, \$8 to \$10 week.

OCEAN CITY.

HOW TO GET THERE.

Take Pennsylvania R. R. to Philadelphia; West Jersey R. R., foot of Market Street, Philadelphia, to Pleasantville; change cars to Somers' Point; change to Steamer E. Morris. From Philadelphia, 67 miles, 2½ hours. Two trains in Winter, 4 in Summer daily. Single ticket, one way, \$1.27; ten-day excursion ticket, \$1.50.

WHERE TO STAY.

THE BRIGHTON.
*125 guests; \$2 to \$2.50 day,
\$12 to \$18 week.*

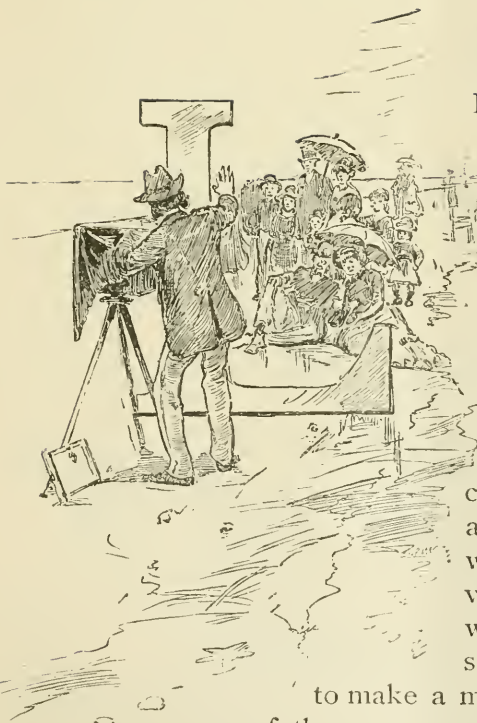
WESLEY HOUSE.
*100 guests; \$2 to \$2.50 day,
\$12 to \$18 week.*

HAVEN HOUSE.
*60 guests; \$1.50 to \$2.50 day,
\$10 to \$15 week; and a number of cottages that will accommodate 200 people.*

may at times be noticed on the ocean under peculiar atmospheric conditions. More often it is sea-green when the winds are fresh and the skies are overcast. A dark-gray prevails when a storm is at hand. Near California there is a "vermilion" sea, which at times presents a very reddish tint. The ocean near Key West is of a milky hue, owing to the great banks of white coral at the sea-bottom. Yet none of these colors quite equal the blue of the sea on a rare day in June. Towards night its tints grow darker and more blue, and the horizon in the light of the setting sun seems just a line of black, beaded with burning gold. That fades at last, and the idler on the shore can but listen, with the words of Edwin Arnold as a prompt book, and

Hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves strike back, and fling,
At their return up the high strand,
Begin and cease; and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Rod and Gun.



IFE on the Jersey coast, in common with the coast life of other Atlantic States, has much with which to win the presence of the sportsman. There is to be had employment for both line and gun. The game birds that annually visit Cape May, Atlantic City, and the other coast cities

comprise quite a wide range, and include, as they do elsewhere, some varieties that are valueless. No one, unless he were extremely hungry, or somewhat ignorant, would try

to make a meal off the thin-breasted coot,

one of the commonest winter fowls on the Jersey shore. The cook of Marshal Saxe, who served the old general's top-boots with such piquant sauce that the identity of the boots remained undiscovered, might try a coot, but no one of less bolder

confidence would attempt it. Yet the coot, with his soft, thick, brown feathers, and his twinkling eye, is often a tempting shot. And there is nothing in Jersey law to prevent a trial of your ammunition and aim. Yet the coot

is an exasperating bird, for he so often moves in the best society—of ducks—as to excite the hopes of the distant gunner, and lure him into an unwarrantable excitement.

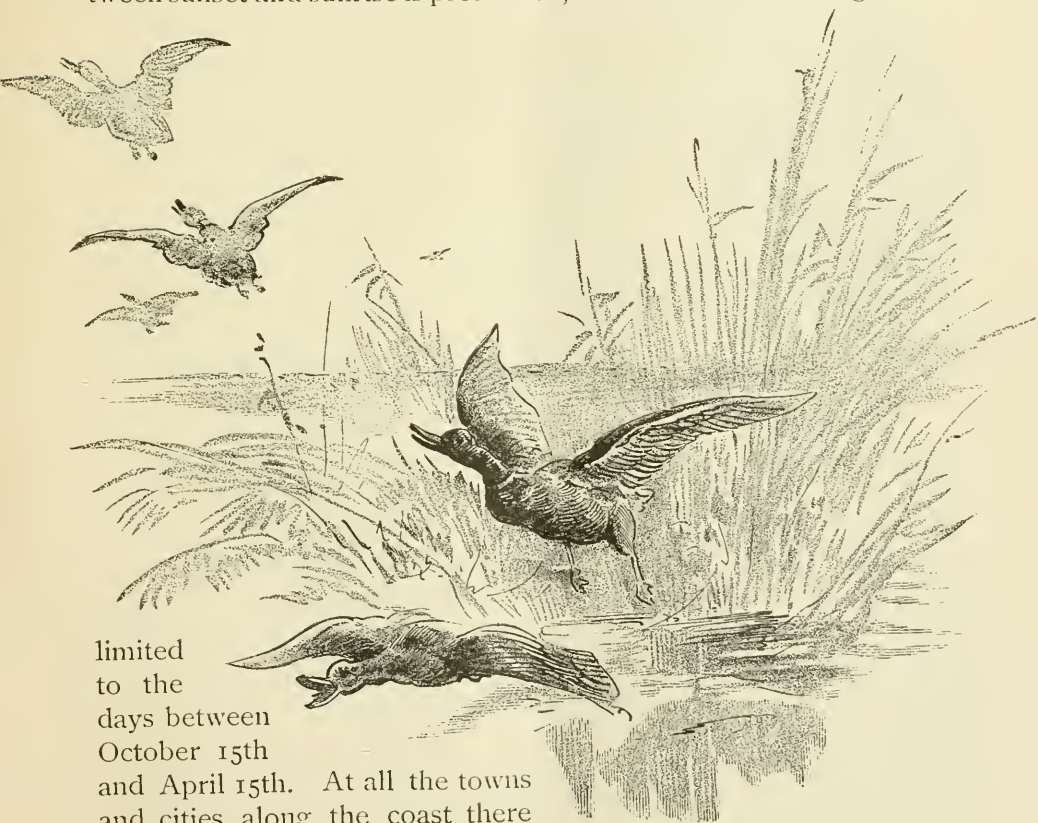
Better the black summer. Then until the middle dippers, and red habits with the same time as the do, in April. Gray 1st of September, Then they hurry visit to the coast in dently very particular ing Christmas where there is no geese come as the leaves are like the leaves, in wonderful remain until the last of March, their leaders, they marshal their lines in long wavy V's, and lead the way to the frozen North. They are thorough disciplinarians, these geese; if you kill their leader they will alight and elect another before resuming their onward career. Brant appear at the same time as the geese, and leave with them.

far than coots, and much richer prizes, are ducks, which, like the strangers, remain all there are the broad bills, which do not appear of October. The cub heads, heads—all of which have similar broad bills—appear about the coast guards, and leave when they ducks and teal appear about the

and stay for two months. southward, and pay a second the spring. They are evidently about spending snow. Wild falling, and, numbers, and when, electing

A milder-mannered bird, much more shy, and better eating, is the English snipe, which appears on the Jersey coast about the 1st of April, remains but a short time, goes north, and returns in October for a short time on the way south. Wilson snipe, robin snipe, chattering curlews, and yellow legs come into fashion in May, select their summer quarters, disappear, and return in July, to stay out the season until

October. The several varieties of plover, with their plaintive cries, arrive in May, and, like good, sensible birds, remain all summer. Willets do likewise, and find their cosy breeding places on the salt marshes. There is a very pleasant catalogue to pick from, and a good breech-loader can be well warmed on almost any summer day along the shores and over the salt fields. The game laws of the State are exceedingly liberal. Sportsmen are prohibited, when hunting geese, brant, or ducks, from placing their decoys "further off from the edge of the marsh, island, bar, bank, blind, or ice than three rods distance." No birds can be hunted after dark with a light. All gunning for wild fowl in Barnegat Bay and Manasquan River between sunset and sunrise is prohibited, and the time of hunting them is



limited
to the
days between
October 15th
and April 15th. At all the towns
and cities along the coast there

are plenty of professional gunners, who know the choice spots, who shoot all day for their patrons, and charge moderately for their services. Most of them keep guns and ammunition, and require little notice to enter the service of the stranger Nimrod.

Other than game birds there are many. No visitor to the shore can fail to watch the swallows coursing up and down the beach from morning to night in search of their insect prey, and they fare bountifully. The myriads of flies, midges, and other insects which infest the sea-weed afford them, as well as other beach birds, a generous plenty for their own sustenance, and food for their eager young. They fly in detachments, and, save when they alight for building materials, or for some tempting unwinged dainty, never abate the wonderful velocity



A FISHERMAN.

of their flight, whether they revel in the stillness of an August morning or gracefully conquer a south-easter in April. The great blue martin sometimes joins the beach swallow in his skimming flights over the sands. The king bird, well reputed for his anti-crow propensities, forages regularly on the beach, starting swarms of insects from the sea-weed, and feeding on them at will. The common chirping sparrow is often seen upon the beach, and during their migrations the robins sometimes seek the shore for gravel and

insects. The sand at the back of the beaches is the favorite breeding ground of the Savannah sparrow. He arrives from the South in April. His habits are peculiarly terrestrial; he sings, wooes, and nests upon the ground, and when disturbed by man prefers to escape by running and dodging among the grass rather than by taking flight; yet, strangely enough, he sings when upon the wing with great ardor. But it is not intended to teach natural history on this small page—merely to prompt the reader to more, to studying the birds on his daily walks.

For the lover of the line and reel, the waters in and about the New Jersey coast are most generous. Boats are to be had in plenty. Bluefish and red-flannel bait appear about the middle of May, and

leave in October. Fishing for them is a royal delight. The majestic beauty of the fish, his strength and skillful stratagems appeal to the fisherman's nature, and invite a tussle that has all the qualities of honorable combat. Sheep's-head follow bluefish in about a month, but leave with the others. Weakfish stay from May to October, and repay many an hour's hunt with their most tender flesh. The striped bass inhabit the rivers the year round, but are more plentiful in summer than during the colder half of the year. They afford good sport, for they are very ready to take the bait, yet difficult to secure on account of their tender mouths, their wily ways, and great strength. When hooked, they leap and plunge, swim with great force and swiftness in their endeavors to break away. A favorite ruse of the bass is to double back under the boat in order to cut the line upon the keel, or to gain a fixed point from which it may be able to drag the hook from its mouth. The great sea bass, a fish of differing habits and wonderful proportions, can be caught from the 1st of July until the 1st of October.



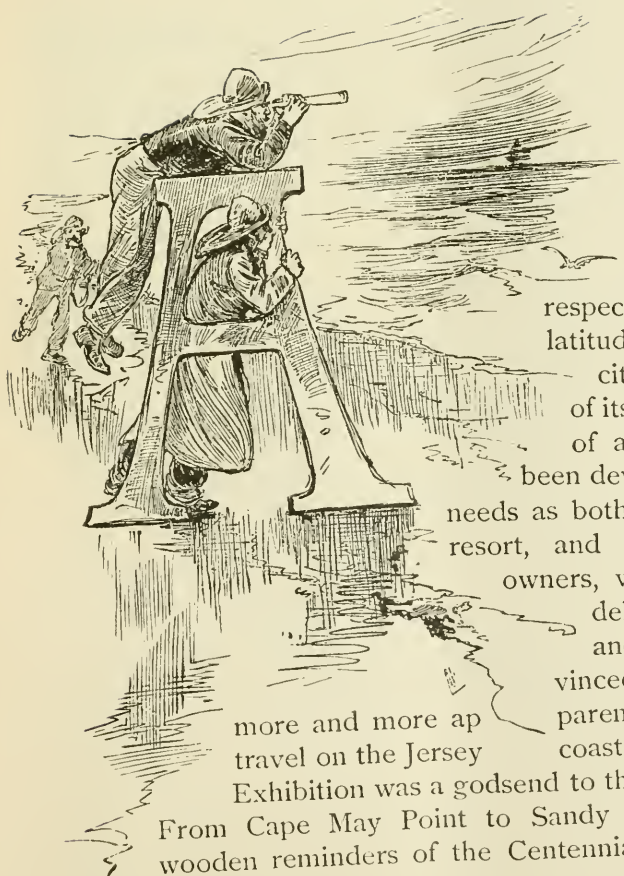
A FISHERMAIDEN.

In and about the ponds are plenty of perch,—bold-biting, hard-dying perch,—the only fish that the pike dare not attack. Its dorsal fin when erect is as sharp and as obstinate as a paper of pins. It cares nothing for its fellow-fish, and never seems to notice his absence, if he be suddenly jerked to the air above. It will live quite a long time out of water, and is excellent food. They come early in the season and remain late, and prefer brackish water to fresh or purely salt. Blackfish bite from June till October, as do the kingfish. The summer flounder can often be observed chasing the minnows during its visit to the coast; and the flounder proper, which is a winter fish, comes in October and leaves in May. The porgee is abundant after July, and the ashen-green codfish—the fish that is eaten by civilized people

the world around, and by the cows in Norway—is taken late in the autumn and during the early winter. After the fish come the shell-shedding lobsters and crabs. In the shallows of Shark River the latter are most abundant, and are sought for by crab-hunters at every tide. Seaward from all points on the coast, on most days, can be seen the diving, romping porpoises; and perhaps, gentle reader, if you gaze intently, you may see, also, some of the whales—that “a company from Elizabethtown were granted ten years’ permission to catch by Sir George Carteret, on February 15th, 1668.”

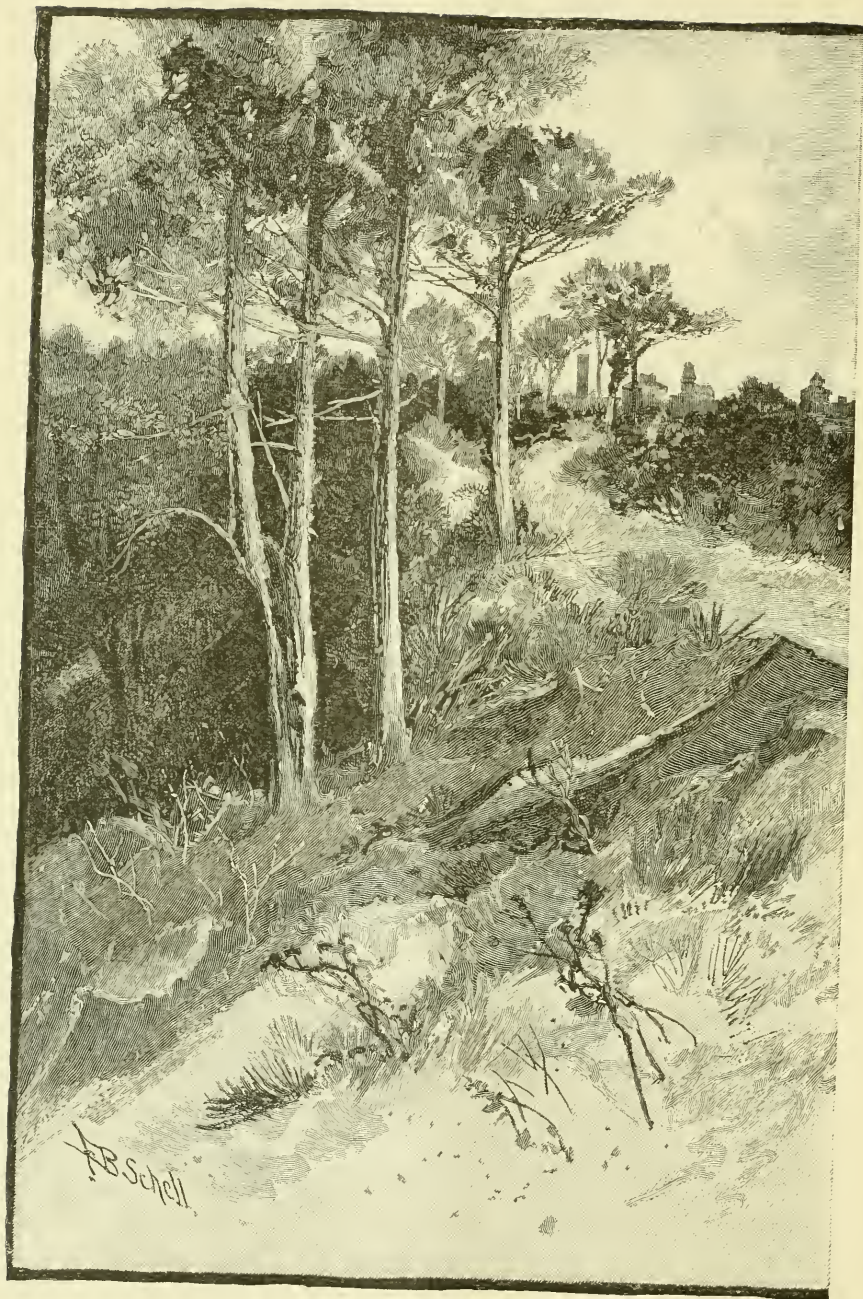


Atlantic City.



ATLANTIC CITY is a distinctly different place from its coast competitors in many respects other than those of latitude and longitude. The city has an architecture of its own, or rather a style of architecture, that has been developed by its peculiar needs as both a winter and summer resort, and by the taste of its owners, who are mainly Philadelphians. Driving in and about it you are convinced of a fact that becomes

more and more apparent with every mile you travel on the Jersey coast,—that the Centennial Exhibition was a godsend to the State of New Jersey ! From Cape May Point to Sandy Hook are a hundred wooden reminders of the Centennial, the headquarters of





ATLANTIC CITY, FROM THE SOUTH.

some foreign State now turned into a restaurant or pavilion; the ornamental parts of some big building now become an integral portion of a pier. The office of the Centennial Commission is translated to the sand, and does duty for a hotel. The Ladies' Pavilion, cut up and mangled, is transformed into a stable. The thrift of all New England, the ingenuity of the Union, could not do more with the Centennial structures than has been done upon the shores of Jersey. And from these borrowed plumes Atlantic City derives some certain characteristics.

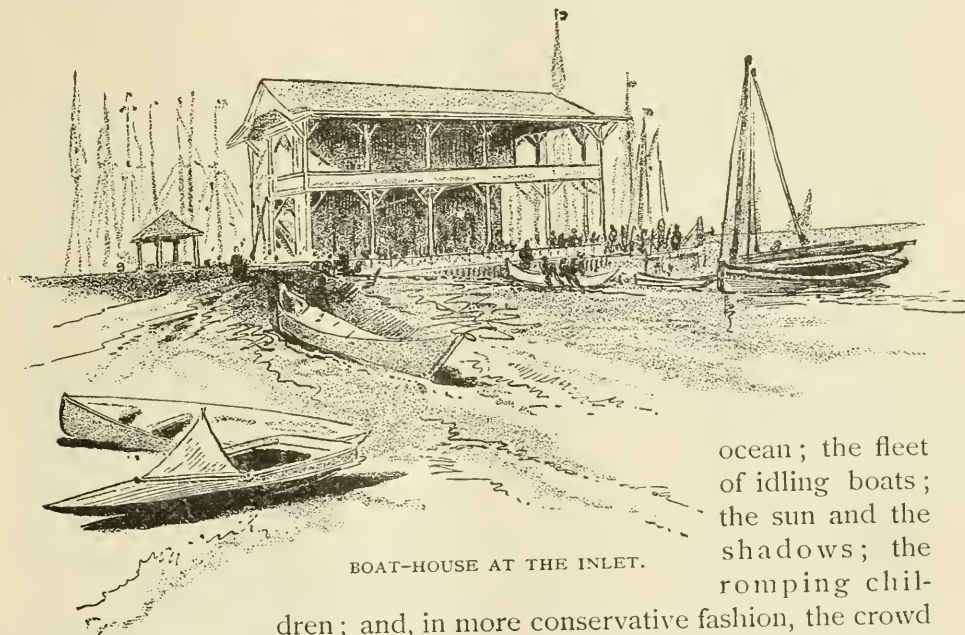
The city is eight-and-twenty years old. The streets are straight and broad; the avenues broader and straighter. The city occupies the best part of an island nine miles long, and from a few hundred feet to a mile in width, being separated from the mainland by a strait called the "Neck." There is an abundance of trees, which give to the streets a very comfortable look. The fact, too, that the city is a pros-



THE BOARD-WALK AND THE PIER.

perous one for twelve months of the year has given to it so many buildings of the permanent order that the face of the place is much changed on that account. On all sides, on all streets, are hotels,

and in summer the city is literally a hive. Being within such comfortable distance of Philadelphia, Atlantic City becomes, with the approach of warm weather, the Mecca of every person in the Pennsylvania metropolis who has a day to spare. Down they come by thousands; ravage the great ocean of a bath, and the Inlet, of a glorious sail; cast an always successful line for the myriad fish of the Atlantic waters; or enjoy the breeze, the stir and bustle, the grand army of bathers in their countless manœuvres; the life and coolness of the big pier, which stretches a grasping hand into the



BOAT-HOUSE AT THE INLET.

ocean; the fleet of idling boats; the sun and the shadows; the romping children; and, in more conservative fashion, the crowd itself, in which each man or woman is of no more importance than one of the thousand waves that dashes in and out among its companions, breaks, and is lost to sight. Then there is enjoyment in the move homewards, and the board-walk, with its kaleidoscopic pictures of humanity, its booths, and its people. For there are those in such a city as Atlantic that are peculiarly "board-walk people." They find a living there on the walk, and, like the fish that obtain color from their haunts and the depth of the sea in

ATLANTIC CITY.

HOW TO GET THERE.

Take Pennsylvania R. R. to Philadelphia; West Jersey R. R., foot of Market Street, Philadelphia. From Philadelphia, 65 miles, 90 minutes. Winter 2, Summer 5, express trains daily, with 2 additional trains each way on Saturdays and Mondays. First-class fare one way, \$1; ten-day excursion ticket, \$1.50; cottage, single, \$40; purchaser and wife, \$50; twenty-trip family, \$13.50; one month, 1 person, \$20; 2 months, \$29; 3 months, \$35; 4 months, \$37; 5 months, 39; 6 months, \$41; 7 months, \$43; 8 months, \$45; 9 months, \$47; 10 months, \$48; 11 months, \$49; and 12 months, \$50.

WHERE TO STAY.

BRIGHTON HOTEL.

200 guests; \$3 to \$4 day, \$18 to \$30 week.

THE DENNIS.

225 guests; \$3 to \$4 day, \$16 to \$30 week.

HADDON HOUSE.

150 guests; \$3 to \$4 day, \$18 to \$25 week.

SEA-SIDE HOUSE.

130 guests; \$3 day, \$18 to \$25 week.

UNITED STATES.

350 guests; \$3 to \$4 day, \$15 to \$25 week.

CONGRESS HALL.

300 guests; \$3 to \$3.50 day, \$15 to \$21 week.

HOTEL ALBION.

250 guests; \$3 to \$3.50 day, \$15 to \$21 week.

WAVERLY HOTEL.

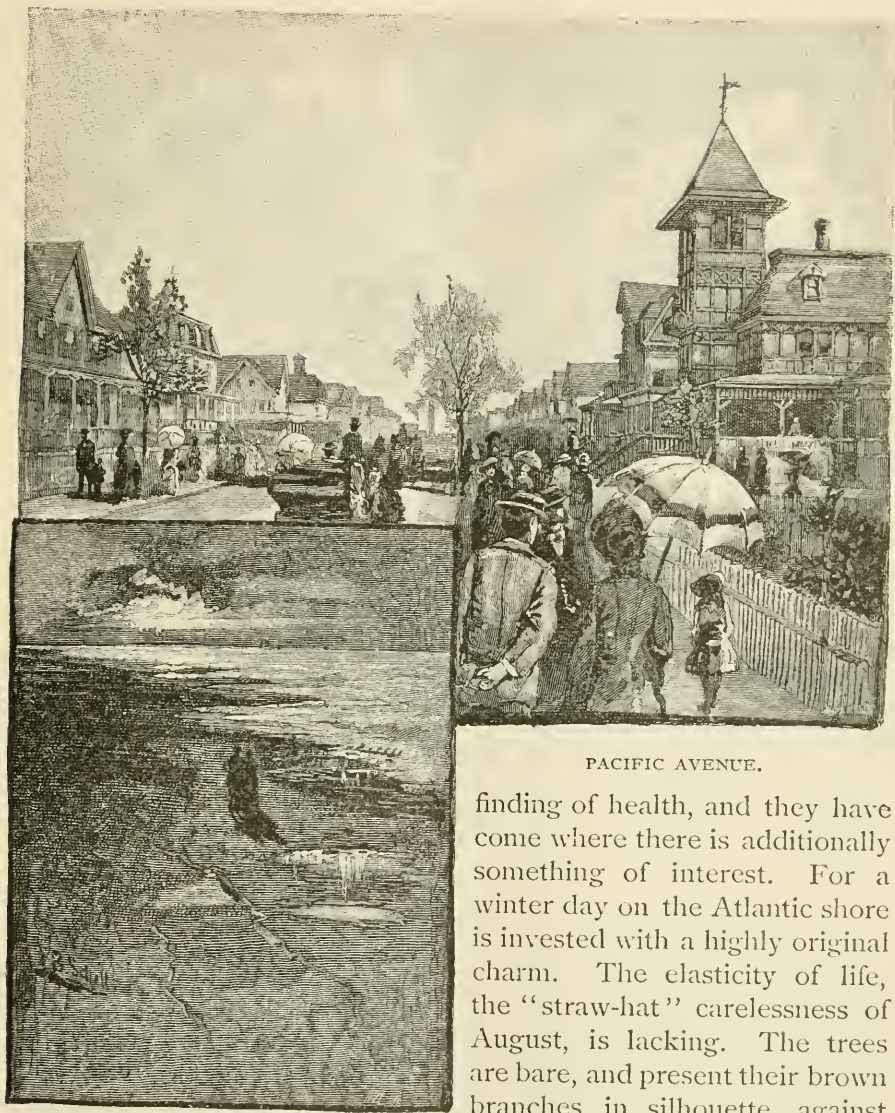
200 guests; \$3 to \$3.50 day, \$15 to \$25 week.

TRAYMORE.

125 guests; \$3 day, \$18 to \$21 week; and 66 other hotels, with accommodations for 6000 guests, and prices from \$1.25 to \$3.00 a day, \$7 to \$18 a week.

which they swim, seem to have become permanently affected by their surroundings. They would be out of place on the sand, on the wide avenues, or the porches of the big hotels; they belong, like the fiddler crabs, or the neat, methodical, red-tape, and fool's-cap fellows of Washington, the "bur-officers" of the departments—in certain frames; otherwise, you never notice them, they are at home only on the board-walk. There is, besides this, as fair a share of amusement as usually falls to the lot of the traveler—in the drives and rambles about Atlantic. The coast here is very pretty and offers freely of its abundance. A day well spent winds up with an evening of merriment. The hotels are full of movement; there is a quantity of music; there is gayety under every roof. Dancing serves to recall the embroidery of existence, and is indulged in first by the children, and after nine o'clock by the children grown up. Between the numbers you are quite likely to hear some "tall" fishing yarns,—some boasts of prowess with the hook. Time flies, and before you know it midnight is come to chase the revelers to their idle beds; to draw down the curtains and put out the lights.

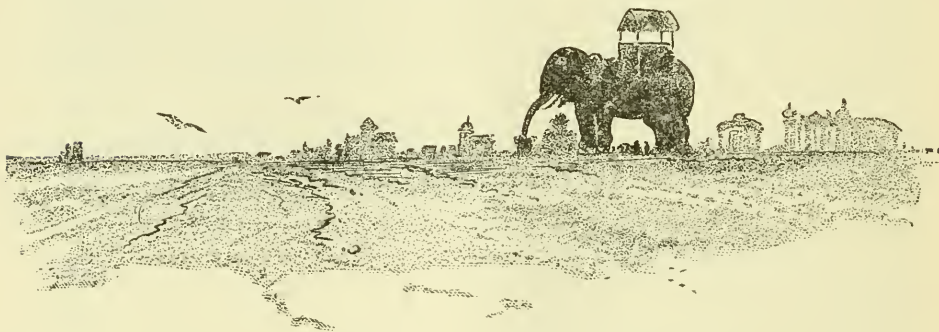
In winter Atlantic City is another place. The same houses are there as before, the same streets, the same towering white light-house, but the summer has gone, and with it all of the summer people. In their places have come fewer, but solemn people—people whose real mission is the



PACIFIC AVENUE.

finding of health, and they have come where there is additionally something of interest. For a winter day on the Atlantic shore is invested with a highly original charm. The elasticity of life, the "straw-hat" carelessness of August, is lacking. The trees are bare, and present their brown branches in silhouette against the sky. The flowers of a short while ago being dead, there is but little color in any street. Deserted balconies, barred windows and doors, and closed gates hint of lifelessness. On the beach the

frost has crept down to meet the waves, and disputes with them possession of the sand. About and above the beach are Arctic gulls, lazily drooping their silent wings. The sea, a little colder in color, tinted a little more with gray, is otherwise the same as in June. Its waves toss as restlessly, its song is as musical, but keeps a wilder tune, exulting in victory, or muttering in defeat in its daily contests with the sand-dunes. Here and there are proofs of the prowess of a storm,—bits of driftwood, a spar, wrenched from its fastenings in some moment of trouble, a ship's name-board—all that remains of some craft too frail to withstand the relentless force of the waves. A dismantled, partly-wrecked pier thrusts a jagged end out into the sea, defiant to the last. It is weather-beaten, stained, attacked on all sides, and yet in its wildest fury the sea cannot tear from the pier the legacy it bestowed upon each sturdy spile, the coronals of fluttering green sea-weed that wave like feathers below the surface.



A MONSTER OF THE STRAND.

Within sight are a few strangers,—that is, they seem but a few,—advance guards for the army of July. They walk briskly, however, and enjoy their overcoats. Now and again, as the view serves, they stop to note the long lines of breaking waves. These gazers are people who love the ocean at all times, for its mourning tones, in the strong light of noonday sun or in the red flush of a winter sunset; which shall fade into velvet red and purple, then a golden brown, and then into night. And as its remembrance becomes too shadowy to follow, they return to the hotels, to blazing fires, to comfortable dinners, to their friends, to life, animation, and humanity.

Not far down the coast—about four miles—is what is known as South Atlantic City, and you can reach it by a ramble over the most picturesque sand-hills, crowned with cedars and huge holly trees, where a thousand wild flowers carpet the woods, or you can travel down the beach, which will well repay your footsteps in views of much beauty. As you near the place the peculiarity of the first bit of architecture, which here assumes the shape of an elephant, makes a most amusing effect so close to the sea. As you approach you find the elephant is reinforced by a section of the Centennial, and the oddity of the place is then in full relief. Further back there are groves and shady nooks where the breath of the woods comes to you with the sound of the sea, and the delights of both are blended indissolubly.

Those who are inclined to art, can find no more opportune coast than this for the pencil and pen. Almost every variety of inland and coast scenery can be laid upon for tribute, and a portfolio of sketches can be brought home for evidence of a profitable summer. Then, collecting shells or sea-weeds will repay the time given to it, if in no other way than in rosy cheeks, and the tire that follows healthy recreation. Sea-weeds if gathered for collections should be dipped in fresh water and all sand removed; then laid upon sheets of white paper, arranged carefully with a knitting needle, and pressed for several days between folds of newspapers under a weight. When dry they are best arranged on cardboard, and sometimes effectively grouped about a small basket. There is much pleasureable excitement in this for young folks. In gathering shells, they should be carefully collated; their proper names written on labels and pasted upon them, with the date and locality of the find. Some of the popular works on conchology will supply information, and serve to accumulate in the collector's mind a small storehouse of happy facts.

South Atlantic City.

HOW TO GET THERE.

Take Pennsylvania R. R. to Philadelphia; West Jersey R. R., foot of Market Street, Philadelphia, to Atlantic City; thence by rail or carriage.

WHERE TO STAY.

CEDAR GROVE HOTEL.
125 guests; \$1.50 to \$2 day,
\$8 to \$12 week; and five
cottages for 250 guests;
\$1.50 a day, \$8 to \$12 week.

The Coast Climate.

THIS little message from the sea would not be complete were there omitted a few words concerning the climate on the Jersey coast. Atlantic City, which was the first winter sanitarium on the Atlantic coast, especially has won honorable distinction in this regard—so much so, in fact, that the claim is sometimes made that any form of disease can be cured by her health-giving air. On account of the propinquity of the Gulf Stream at this point on the coast, the configuration of the coast itself, and the topographical lineaments of the land, the absence of adjacent mountain ranges, Atlantic City enjoys at all times a most equable and gentle climate. Its winters are as mild as those of Charleston ; its summers are never as warm as in New York or Boston. Climate is intimately associated with the health, wealth, occupation, and longevity of nations, and equally, though with more appreciable directness, with those of individuals. Dryness, equableness, purity, and moderation are peculiarly desirable features in a climate for health, and when these are found on the sea-shore, the remedial powers of the atmosphere are most marked. The tonic effects of sea air are summarized thus by Schönbein :—

First, the presence of a large amount of ozone, the stimulating, vitalizing principle of the atmosphere ; second, the atmosphere,

being denser at the sea level than at more elevated points, contains in a given space a larger amount of oxygen; third, as a larger portion of the breeze comes from the sea, the air contains but a small amount of the deleterious products of decaying vegetable and animal matter; and, fourth, the saline particles held in suspension in the atmosphere, the "dust of the ocean," enter the system through the lungs, and aid in the tonic effect experienced by the invalid or depressed system.

For these reasons, which can be observed to operate directly at Atlantic City, which has been utilized for winter patients for the past fifteen years, that place has become a winter sanitary resort of exceeding popularity, as well as a delightful summer city. A synopsis of the Jersey coast climate, as furnished by the Government Signal Service officers, furnishes sound evidence in support of such assertions.

RELATIVE HUMIDITY AT

1881.	Atlantic City.	Baltimore.	Washington.	Cape May.	Philadelphia.
January, . . .	76.8	71.6	77.6	78.7	77.1
February, . .	83.8	66.7	73.4	73.2	74.3
March, . . .	74.6	63.2	67.3	70.3	72.8
April,	73.6	58.9	66.0	74.0	61.3
May,	85.2	64.3	69.3	82.7	70.6
June,	79.8	68.1	72.8	76.8	70.4
July,	78.8	61.3	67.8	73.6	66.8
August, . . .	82.7	61.1	70.0	77.5	66.1
September, .	85.6	69.3	74.0	79.8	71.2
October, . . .	79.5	67.1	73.4	70.6	70.2
November, .	78.1	67.8	74.4	77.0	72.4
December, . .	79.4	70.6	76.6	75.6	77.5
1882.					
January, . . .	75.5	72.6	80.8	77.2	79.3
February, . .	78.5	66.8	72.6	73.6	70.7
March, . . .	73.5	64.0	69.3	70.7	63.6
April,	74.5	60.9	68.1	74.4	60.5
May,	80.4	69.1	70.9	78.6	68.2
June,	77.2	60.3	64.5	76.4	60.2
July,	79.9	65.4	67.1	79.8	61.9
August, . . .	82.3	74.4	78.2	79.3	71.0
September, .	82.6	74.6	77.2	78.8	73.0
October, . . .	84.2	75.2	78.0	78.6	74.3

This is quite a remarkable record. The diseases most benefited by such a climate are nervous affections. Every phase of nervous exhaustion, from the jaded temperaments of society people, overworked men and women, to brain softening and paralysis, is benefited. Then the long list of chronic affections which result secondarily from nervous exhaustion; then patients suffering from pulmonary, bronchial, and laryngeal complaints, most of whom are benefited. Trying and refractory cases of chronic bronchitis, laryngitis, and incipient consumption, are often much improved by being treated at the sea. In cases of dyspepsia, worry, and general relaxation of the system, a fortnight at Atlantic City can be prescribed with certain benefit; as the indolent life at the shore, the change of scene and food, the tonic, pure air, and the sunshine work sure benefit.

Just here a word is proper as to diet. "It is safe," says a noted physician, "to counsel all invalids to restrain the prodigious appetite they are almost sure to acquire soon after coming. Otherwise constipation, headaches, and loss of appetite eventually result, showing that an overloaded stomach and embarrassed liver have struck work. It is a mistake to suppose that one cannot take cold at the sea-shore. It is necessary, then, that invalids should take the usual precautions against being chilled. In the winter season and on summer evenings wraps of some kind are always in order out of doors, though usually they need not be heavy.

"As to exercise, while some is needed by the weakest invalids, even though only of a passive kind, such as massage by a manipulator, or rubbing by an ordinary attendant after the bath, there is commonly little danger that those able to walk shall not get enough. Many are inclined to take too much, owing to the extraordinary stimulant effects of the air, and need to be restrained, lest they exhaust their small stock of vitality as fast as it can be replenished. But this tendency is far less in winter than in summer, when the nightly hops and other multitudinous pleasures and dissipations keep the more impressionable visitors in a constant whirl of feverish excitement.

"One word, finally, as to medicinal treatment. For some cases the air alone is sufficient. Others get on famously with the air and the help of judicious bathing. Still others need medicines, and lose

by having them stopped during their stay at the sea-shore. For these last, the tonic and alterative virtues of the air often furnish just the adjuvants necessary to accomplish the cure. The medicines which at home were nugatory, or only half successful, may succeed perfectly with the aid of the sea air, when neither alone would be sufficient."

The hot salt baths obtainable in winter time are most valuable agents of cure, and may be indulged in without the least danger.

The first effect of the sea air upon visitors, remarks Doctor John H. Packard, is very much the same in winter as in summer. The same sense of invigoration, of increased appetite, and of drowsiness, are experienced by almost every one. Persons who before leaving home felt constantly wearied, with a distaste for food, and with an inability to sleep well, whether from fatigue, from over-excitement by business or by pleasure, or from the effects of illness, will often find themselves enjoying a walk, eating heartily, and ready for bed at an early hour. It is well in many instances to give a caution as to overdoing the exercise, as well as in regard to the indulgence of the appetite. The matter of sleep may generally be left to nature.

Upon the functions of the bowels the sea air in winter often has a restraining effect, inducing constipation, which may be very obstinate. This is owing generally to the stimulation of the skin, and if diet does not suffice to overcome it, it should be corrected with mineral waters, such as Hunyadi, Vichy, or Congress. But as these are less applicable in cold weather than in warm, a compound rhubarb pill, or the compound licorice powder, will be found to answer better. Diarrhœa is much less frequently met with, and may be checked in most cases by limitation of diet for a day or two. Should either of these conditions be the result of previous disease, special treatment may be called for, such as medical counsel shall indicate. Other troubles incident to a change to the sea-shore, than those mentioned, had better be met by a doctor's advice.

The Art of Traveling.

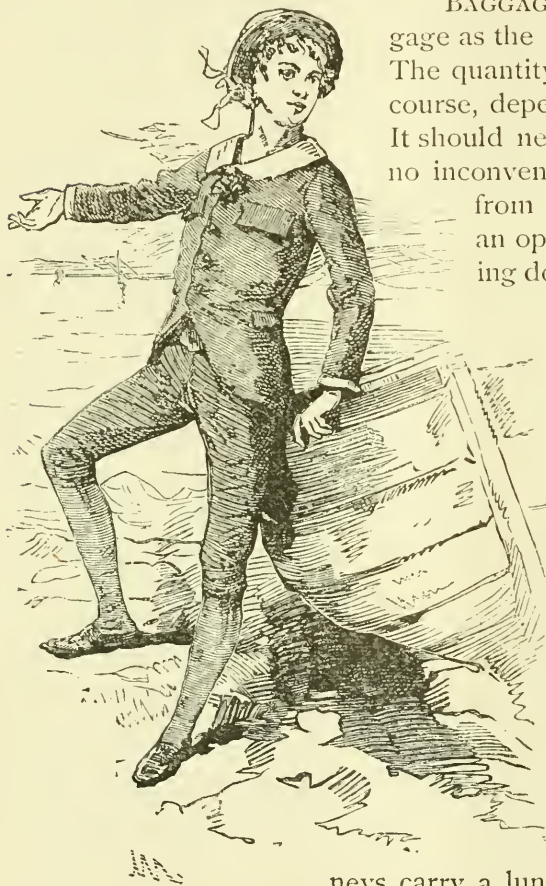
BE sure to think before you start to travel. It has been rendered so much a matter of course, and so simple a thing to do, that repeating the old hints about it seems superfluous.

Yet, just as it is necessary to repeat from every pulpit the old admonitions with each new year, so it is proper here to call the attention of the unthinking *voyageur* to some "points" that, if remembered, will save him much inconvenience. For your own comfort and happiness, and your own mental and physical advantage, start on your journey with a determination to see the bright side of everything, and to endure, as cheerfully as possible, the jolts and buffetings, and petty disappointments, that are sure to be your lot. In the same proportion that a light heart makes you better for yourself, it makes you better and more agreeable for those who may be traveling with you. This by way of suggestion for the comfort of your inner self. Now as to your contact with the world.

MONEY.—Never carry a large amount of cash about your person or in your baggage. If you carry money, avail yourself of hotel safes for it and for valuable jewels. Be careful to have sufficient small change, and be prepared to pay all obligations, especially the smallest, in their *exact* amount. If you cannot tender a cabman or servant the exact sum, you will generally overpay. They never have change.

TICKETS.—Never buy your tickets for *anything* from strangers in the streets, or from "scalpers," or at "reduced-fare" offices. Such tickets may be good, but the probabilities are not in their

favor ; while there never can be a doubt about tickets purchased at the regular offices of the railroad company. If intending to travel in Pullman cars or by the Pennsylvania "Limited Express" train, secure your tickets, seats, or berths at least three days ahead. When purchasing your tickets, obtain all information you desire, as to limitations of the tickets, arrival of trains, connections, time, &c.



BAGGAGE.—Have as little baggage as the circumstances will justify. The quantity of underclothing will, of course, depend upon personal habits. It should never be less than to cause no inconvenience in a week's absence from a laundress. Never omit an opportunity of having washing done. In trusting your baggage to the transfer company, be sure and understand from the agent that it will be delivered in time for the train you expect to take.

MEALS.—It is a good rule for a traveler never to miss the opportunity of taking a meal. You may not feel hungry when the eating station is reached, but if you decline your chance, you may be faint with hunger before you come to another. On long jour-

neys carry a lunch basket. When traveling, or when residing at strange hotels, if you have any reason to doubt the purity of the drinking water, drink a mineral water, which will at least be pure.

RIGHTS.—Respect the rights of other travelers, and by so doing you will lead them to respect yours. If you find yourself imposed upon by any official or employé of the railway, state your views firmly but quietly. If he declines to redress the wrong, ask him to call his superior. If the latter be inaccessible, ask for his address, and you are quite sure to have the cause of complaint removed. At all times be courteous and patient. The railroad company is invariably anxious to forward your interests.



Itinerary of the Summer Vacation.—1883.

Upon these pages it is suggested to the reader, as being both profitable and full of interest in coming years, to note down the details of the holiday journey, with such comments as will prove guide-boards for the future, as well as mile-stones of the past.

THE ROUTE.

From

To

TIME OCCUPIED IN THE JOURNEY.

EXPENSE ACCOUNT.

	Dolls.	Cts.
TICKETS, Railroad,		
" Sleeping Car,		
" Parlor " 		
MEALS.		
Breakfasts,		
Lunches,		
Dinners,		
Suppers,		
BAGGAGE,		
FEES,		
READING,		
HOTELS,		
MISCELLANEOUS,		
TOTAL EXPENSE,		

INCIDENTS OF THE RAILWAY TRIP.

OCCUPATIONS AT THE SHORE.

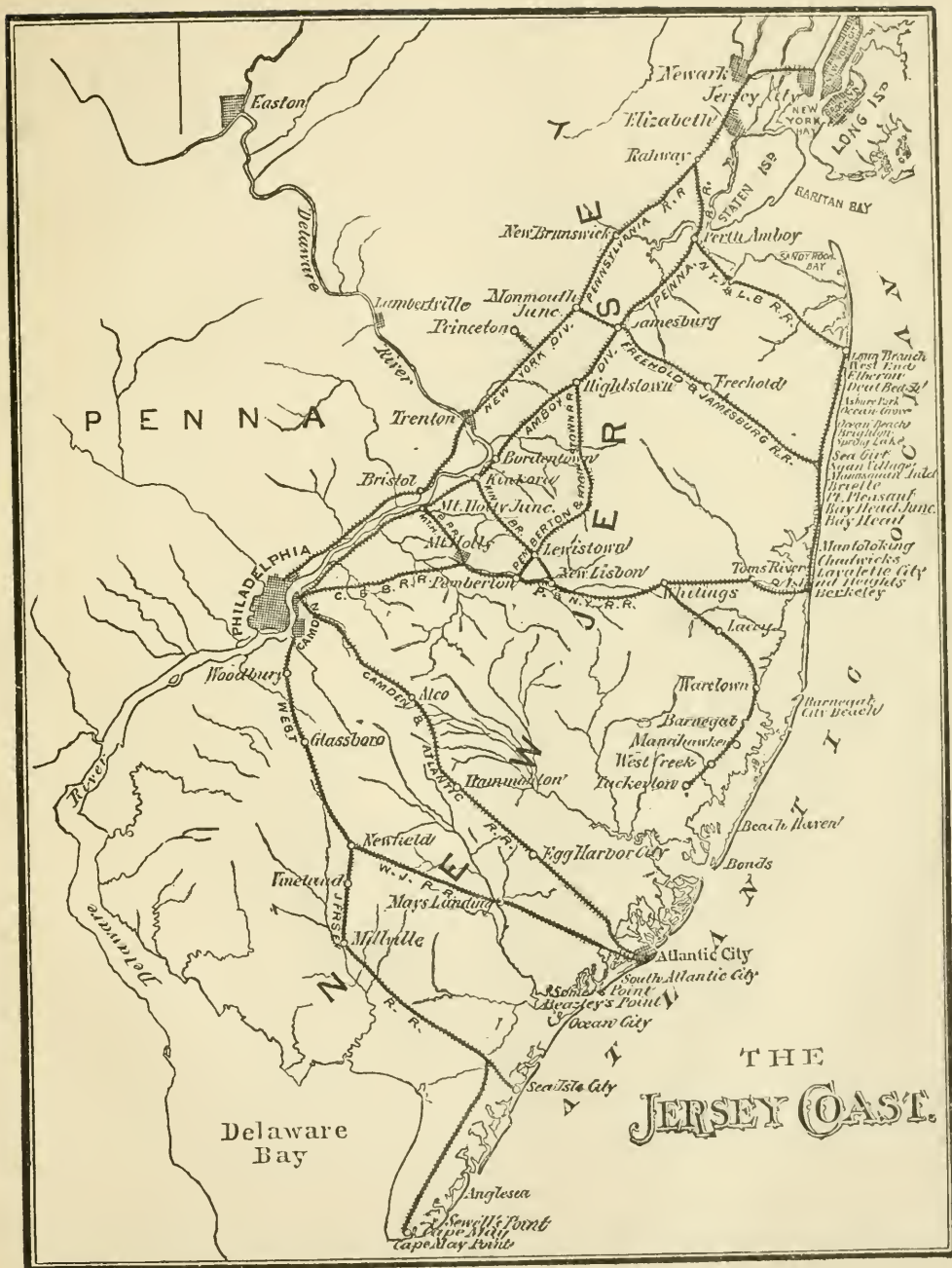
MEMORANDA FOR 1884.

HINTS TO BATHERS.

ENTER THE WATER WHEN THE BODY IS COMFORTABLY WARM; EXERCISE ACTIVELY DURING YOUR STAY IN THE WATER. IF AIR AND WATER ARE BOTH COLD, SHORTEN THE TIME OF THE BATH. IF LIPS OR FINGER NAILS BECOME BLUE, LEAVE THE WATER *AT ONCE*. CHILDREN SHOULD BATHE FROM TWO TO FIFTEEN MINUTES, ACCORDING TO THEIR CONDITION OF HEALTH. NEVER FORCE A CHILD INTO THE WATER; THE FRIGHT COSTS MORE THAN THE BATH EFFECTS. A SHORT, SHARP RUN ON LEAVING THE WATER WILL AID THE GOOD EFFECT OF THE BATH. ALWAYS WASH THE SALT FROM THE HAIR.

MID-DAY IS THE *BEST* TIME TO BATHE FOR HEALTH; BUT ANY TIME WILL DO EXCEPT JUST AFTER A MEAL. FLANNEL MAKES THE BEST BATHING SUIT. MOVE INTO THE WATER QUICKLY AND FAR ENOUGH OUT TO DIP THE PERSON, *HEAD* AND ALL. ONCE IN AND HONESTLY WET, KEEP MOVING. BEFORE DRESSING, RUB THE SKIN THOROUGHLY WITH ROUGH TOWELS. IF CONVENIENT, EAT A SLIGHT LUNCH AFTER THE BATH. CHILDREN MAY GENERALLY BATHE EVERY DAY WITHOUT HARM. IF SUFFERING FROM ILLNESS OR DISEASE, DO NOT BATHE WITHOUT THE ADVICE OF A PHYSICIAN.

IT IS NOT SAFE TO SWIM IN A HEAVY SURF WHEN THE TIDE IS RUNNING OUT, OR WHEN THERE ARE STRONG CURRENTS RUNNING IN THE GENERAL LINE OF THE SHORE. WHEN HOLES ARE KNOWN TO EXIST, *ALWAYS* BATHE IN COMPANY. FOR MOST PEOPLE ONCE A DAY IS QUITE OFTEN ENOUGH TO BE IN THE WATER. AVOID BATHING BY MOONLIGHT, EXCEPT IN COMPANY.





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